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Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

A Live, Newsy and Progressive SEMI-WEEKLY AT ONLY $2 PER YEAR.
Complete Job Office IN CONNECTION.

VOL. XII.—NO. 17. HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1890. $2.00 A YEAR.

GREAT "SWEEP OUT" SALE,

Beginning Monday, Feb. 24th.

Great closing of surplus stock, odds and ends and remnants in anticipation of spring stock to arrive.

EVERYTHING AS ADVERTISED.

Men's 4-ply pure linen Cuffs 10 cents, worth 25.

New York Mills bleached cotton 10 cents a yard, Mill price 12½

Stevens' fine linen Crash 7 cents a yard, worth 10c.

Ladies' fine gauge black Hose, guaranteed absolutely fast 25 cents a pair.

48c Each for fine "Minetto" Window Shades, spring rollers, rich gold borders, cheap at $1.25.

First quality table oil cloth 25 cents a yard, down from 35c.

Sea Island brown cotton 5 cents a yard.

Heavy checked cotton 5 cents a yard, worth 7 cents.

Men's 24-inch black silk Handkerchiefs 75 cents.

REMNANTS

Of calico, satine, bleached and brown cotton, dress goods, etc., at wonderful concessions.

White Flannelette 10 cents a yard, down from 15c.

Very fine imported Red Damask worth 75 cents a yard. This sale 50 cents.

Manufacturer's samples of counterpanes at less than they cost to make.

19c A pair for ladies' fleece lined Hose. Down from 35 cents.

Fine Russian Hare Muffs worth 50 cents. This sale 25 cents.

Gilbert's fine ladies' cloth, 50 inches wide, (note width) 60 cents a yard, down from 90 cents.

15c A yard for all silk Moire Ribbon all widths and colors.

Plain and striped Dress Goods, actual value 75 cents a yard, go at 42 cents.

Misses regular made imported Hose, size 8½ only, worth 25 cents. This sale 10 cents.

Men's trimmed seam socks, usual price 10 cents, this sale 4 cents.

Moire trimming silk with rich satin stripe, down from 75 cents to 50 cents a yard.

Every department teeming with bargains.

Bassett & Co.

60 inch Cardinal Table Damask, color guaranteed, 29 cents a yard.

Magnificent collection of Handmade Torchon, Medici and Smyrna Laces.

Lovely hand-painted China Silk Table Scarfs, $1 25 each.

Mens' fine Suspenders only 9 cents a pair, cheap at 20 cents.

Ladies' Ribbed Vests 25 cents each.

Roman Drapery, rich colors, 8 cents a yard, former price 15 cents.

45c. Greatest Bargain Yet. Mens' genuine French Percale Fancy Shirts with 2 collars and 1 pr. cuffs, 45c. each. Actual value $1 00 and $1 25.

Figured Chambray Gingham 8 cents a yard. Value 15 cents.

Heavy Crash 4 cents a yard.

Samples of Underwear for a song.

Columbia Cheviot 8 cents a yard.

Pure Linen Damask towels with fancy centre 15 cents each, size 17x36.

Childrens' wool hose 10 cents a pair.

Mens' Seamless Wool Sox 20 cents a pair, worth 35c.

70c. for odds and ends in corsets, comprising well-known brands, all in perfect condition, worth from $1 00 to $1 25.

All wool Scoured yarn, 2 and 3 ply, 65 cents.

Selected fine white Pearl Buttons 5 cents a dozen.

All $1 25 and $1 00 kid gloves, to close, go at 75 cents a pair.

Samples of ladies' collars and cuffs at great bargains.

Childrens' fine quality Ribbed Hose, double knee, 15 cents a pair. Down from 25 cents.

75c. WONDERFUL. Ladies' very fine Cashmere Jerseys, worth $1 50 to $2 50, choice for 75 cents.

COME IN EARLY.

BASSETT & CO.

THE LAST CALL.

$9.95

For choice of our entire stock of Winter Overcoats. If this don't move 'em we will salt them down till next winter.

$22.50 Elysians for - - - $9.95.
$20.00 Chinchillas for - - - $9.95.
$17.50 Imported Diagonals for $9.95.
$15.00 Cassimeres for - - - $8.95.

On the cheaper ones we will give ⅓ off, making our
$12.00 Overcoats go for $8.00.
10.00 " " 6.66.
7.50 " " 5.00.
6.00 " " 4.00.

All winter suits marked down. Winter underwear cut half in two. New spring shapes in stiff hats just in.

SHOE DEPARTMENT.

120 pairs Ladies' fine turned Dongola Button Shoes, original price $3.00, marked down to $2.00.

We have the exclusive sale of the best $2.50 ladies' fine button shoe in the world, one that has been tried here for years.

☞With each pair of these shoes we will give free a bottle of Gilt Edge Polish for the next ten days.

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In short all forms of Organic and Functional Diseases.

The Cures effected by this Medicine are in many cases

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Price Three Dollars—a small investment when Health and life can be obtained.

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Greeting to our Friends and Patrons:

In order to afford an evening's entertainment, we propose to give away

Four :-: Magnificent :-: Presents.

1st. The first Gentleman Customer, a SUIT OF CLOTHES, valued at $15.
2d. The first Lady Customer, a fine Gold Headed Umbrella, value $5.
3d. The second Gent Customer, One Doz. Fine Handkerchiefs, value $4.
4th. First Boy under 16 years of age, a Fine Hat, value $2.50.

BE YE CLOTHED.

PYE, DICKEN & WALL'S

Clothing House,

HOPKINSVILLE - - - KY.

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The answer to this Rebus must be enclosed in a sealed envelope and returned to our store when they will be numbered as received until June 7th when the envelopes will be opened and the prizes awarded. Mark envelopes on one corner "Rebus." Not more than one prize awarded in the same family.

Our Stock of Ready Made Clothing, together with Gents' Furnishing Goods and Boots and Shoes are offered at prices that defy legitimate competition.

Pye, Dicken & Wall.

ON THE EAST COAST.

"We are in God's hand,
How strange, now, looks this life He makes us lead."
—R. Browning. (Andrea del Sarto.)

The boat went out with the ebb to sea,
That June-tide in the morning.
My bonny boys waved their hands to me,
That June-tide in the morning.
I stood and watched them from the door,
My bonny, brave boys came back no more,
That June-tide in the morning.

The sun shone bright and the wind was low,
That June-tide in the morning:
And I kissed them ere I bade them go,
That June-tide in the morning.
The leaves were young upon the vine
When my boys' warm lips were pressed to mine
That June-tide in the morning.

I watched the boat as it left the bay,
That June-tide in the morning;
And ever until my latest day
That June-tide in the morning
Comes back to me when the skies are clear
And the roses bloom—yet I felt no fear,
That June tide in the morning.

A mist came up and it hid the sea,
That June-tide in the morning.
Little I thought what awaited me,
That June-tide in the morning.
How those lips had been pressed to mine,
Here on earth for the very last time,
That June-tide in the morning.

The rising tide brought them home no more,
That June-tide in the morning.
Ere noon the boat drifted safe ashore,
That June-tide in the morning.
The mist had hidden the Dead Man's rock,
And never a boat could withstand its shock,
No matter how fair the morning.

They found their grave in the great North Sea,
That June-tide in the morning—
My boys who came never back to me,
That June-tide in the morning.
Yet the waves were stilled, and the wind was low,
Thank God, I kissed them ere they did go,
That June-tide in the morning!
—The Academy.

DOCTOR BOB.

How He Freed Aunt Tempe from the "Kunjer."

Unc' Primus' wife, Priscilla, who kept the dairy on Tom-in-Luck Plantation, died about midsummer, in the twelfth year after Mawse Tom and Mis' Nannie were married, and settled on a place of their own. She left, among other valuables, a flowered pitcher that was the cause of quarrel between Unc' Primus and his sister-in-law, Aunt Tempe.

Aunt Priscy had left no children, but Unc' Primus had a niece to whom he wished to present the flowered pitcher, while Mom Rhody declared that Aunt Priscy had *willed* that particular pitcher to her nearest of kin, Aunt Tempe.

Backed by Mom Rhody, Aunt Tempe got possession of the pitcher, but in the struggle the spout was broken off, and this small fragment Unc' Primus pocketed, vowing vengeance.

"Hit's a gret pity," said Mom Rhody, uneasily, "dot Primus is sister's son's wife's nephew ter ole Unc' December over ter Mawse Coe's," and she speedily procured a rabbit's left hind-foot for Aunt Tempe to wear in her bosom.

Thus panoplied, Aunt Tempe defied Unc' Primus, who, in less than three months, took a second wife, professed himself at peace with all the world, and made over to Aunt Tempe whatever possessions of her deceased sister he had not already bestowed upon his niece.

"Dat 'ceitful Primus!" said Mom Rhody; and when, on a day, in September, Aunt Tempe was taken ill, Mom Rhody declared, mysteriously, that it was just what she had expected.

But it was not what any one else would have expected, for Aunt Tempe was a robust, cheerful woman, brisk and tidy, and frolicsome as a kitten with Mis' Nannie's children. That Aunt Tempe should be ill was incomprehensible, and so strangely ill! She had no fever, she complained of no "misery" anywhere; she simply stopped in the midst of cutting out the plantation clothing, and announced with solemnity that "somethin' ur 'nother wuz wrong." As Mom Rhody stated it:

"Of a Friday by noon,
'Cordin' ter change ob de moon,
Sis' Tempe her wuk wuz done."

Mom Rhody had a gift at oracular jingles that procured her great esteem on the plantation. It was not hidden from the negroes that this old nurse, who had "raised" Mawse Tom was deep in the lore of the evil one and all his works—not to do them, but to give warning thereof; for Mom Rhody was a sister in the church that stood in the sandy bottom beside the creek, a shouting and fasting member, a leader in "prah-meetin's," as one called to wage a perpetual warfare, so she said, against Satan and his imps, and Mom Rhody held that Friday was the devil's own day.

"Hukkom I know dat!" said she. "De is signs a-plenty. Doan' ev'ybody see jay-buds is skaase o' Fridays, 'long o' totin' sticks ter men' de flahs below! When you see mischance happen o' *dat* day, debbil got a han' in dat job by means o' his ministers, sho'ly —mo'n pertickilar effen moon changes."

When it was suggested that the doctor should be sent for, Mom Rhody shook her head and said: "No white man's doctor top side o' de yeth couldn' do Sis' Tempe no good."

Mom Rhody did not hesitate to express this opinion to Mawse Tom himself, seeing that she had "raised" him. But Mawse Tom would not listen to such nonsense, he said, and as Aunt Tempe had now been lying ill some days without improvement, Christopher Columbus was dispatched for the family physician, who felt Aunt Tempe's pulse and looked at her tongue, and asked if she had any pain.

Aunt Tempe said: "No; only a general gin-out." The doctor thought at first that she was "playing 'possum," but day by day she grew worse, until at last it was indisputable that she was very ill. She could not move, except to turn her poor head upon her pillow, and roll her eyes beseechingly. The power of speech was gone.

"I done told Mawse Tom he gwan fling away his money on white man's doctor!" grumbled Mom Rhody. "En now I tell *you*, Mis' Nannie, honey, Sis' Tempe is done gin up ter die, douten Doctor Bob is sent fur."

Doctor Bob should have borne some outlandish, tongue-twisting name, for he was a native African, but time out of mind he had been known as Doctor Bob, a healer of the "kunjored," and the negroes far and near regarded him with a sentiment bordering on veneration. He was a slave on old Major Wheaton's place over in the next county, but his master never hesitated to allow him to lay down the hoe whenever there came a summons from a victim of the "kunjer."

Indeed, Dr. Bob's fees were a liberal offset to the loss of his labor in the cotton-row, for, between the major and doctor, the charges amounted to fifty dollars, more or less, and whoever employed Doctor Bob had the trouble of hauling him and his paraphernalia back and forth. There was not very much of Doctor Bob, is is true, but there was a great deal of the paraphernalia.

Mawse Tom grumbled much at paying such a price for humbuggery and superstition, especially as both he and Doctor Henly had decided that Aunt Tempe's case was hopeless; but old Mis' and Mis' Nannie said that they could not see Aunt Tempe die with any wish ungratified, and little Nan, and Roy and Susy, and even baby Tom, began now to clamor for Doctor Bob; therefore, though Mawse Tom had often declared that Doctor Bob should never set foot on his plantation, he was sent for.

Had Doctor Bob refused to come, the negroes of Tom-in-Luck would have felt themselves doomed by wholesale to the powers of darkness; but Doctor Bob had never been known to refuse. It was, as the negroes say, "a half-hour by sun," when the ox-cart that had been sent for him was seen toiling up the hill beyond the peach orchard, and, by Mawse Tom's indulgence, the negroes stopped work and assembled to receive the illustrious doctor—all except Unc' Primus. Primus was mauling rails in the woods, and he went on mauling rails.

But he was not missed from the company that crowded around the big gate, as the cart approached. Little Miss Nan and Roy and Susy were mounted on the topmost red bar, and Mom Rhody was there with baby Tom in her arms; a score of little pickaninnies swarmed over the fence-rails, and lost their balance and tumbled into the sand, and picked themselves up again afraid to cry. The older negroes formed a line on each side of the way, bowing obsequiously as the cart passed through.

The cart was very full of something—no doubt of that, but at first Doctor Bob did not make much of a show. It was Christopher Columbus seated on the buck-board, and shouting to the ox, that chiefly struck the eye—"Christopher Columbus, swellin' wid his own insignificance, dat boy," Mom Rhody remarked severely; for Mom Rhody did not believe in forwardness in youth.

However, Christopher, though he sat exalted, did not command the eye for long; when the cart halted in front of the cabin assigned to Doctor Bob's exclusive use, there was seen in the midst of a motley array of squat and bulging jugs, a dwarfish figure, clad in dingy brown, and crouching with arms akimbo, so that he was hardly to be distinguished from the uncouth vessels that surrounded him, save for the bright and scintillating black eyes illuminating his ebony face, and darting fire at every glance.

When, at Mawse Tom's approach, he removed his dingy cap, and revealed a peaked head as white as snow, the effect was so startling, that the awe-stricken negroes fell back, and some of the pickaninnies stifled a yell in their mother's skirts.

"Sho' cuore, massa," said Doctor Bob, with a gleaming grin, as he scrambled out of the cart. When he stood upon his feet, his resemblance to his squatty jugs was more marked and more ludicrous than ever.

He was very short, and very bow-legged, with a pronounced paunch, which he supported with his two hands. He said he was a thousand years old, and the negroes believed it, but he had none of the feebleness, none of the apathy of age.

"Doctor Bob en he jug neber fail," he said to Mawse Tom, with another grin, as he proceeded to remove the numerous vessels of different sizes, and to set them within the cabin door.

Lastly, he took from the cart a long, stout, knotty stick, black and polished, and cut into three spikes at the top. At sight of this there was a more pronounced retreat on the part of the beholders, and some of the very young ones ran away howling.

Doctor Bob evidently enjoyed the commotion he excited; his eyes twinkled and glanced, taking in every movement of the crowd, while he raised his stick aloft, waved it around his head, muttering strange words; then, walking backward around the cabin, he cast handful after handful of a curious kind of hard, shriveled, red berry, or bean, which he took from his pockets, and of which his supply seemed to be inexhaustible.

This done, he paused in front of the door, waved his hands thrice, which the negroes seemed to accept as a dismissal, for with one accord, they straggled away; a few of the older ones, whether through inherited tradition, whether through an instinctive sense of decorum characteristic of their race, advanced, one by one, did obeisance to Doctor Bob, and solemnly retired.

Doctor Bob entered his cabin, and was seen no more until about noon next day. This was the time fixed for the initiation of his ministrations to Aunt Tempe. He began by walking backward around her cabin, as he had walked around his own, throwing handful after handful of his shriveled scarlet beans. There were not so many witnesses on this occasion, for the negroes were at work, but Mis' Nannie was present, and Mom Rhody.

Aunt Tempe's cabin with its little garden was one of the tidiest on the plantation. Her little flower-bed had been gay all summer with "four-o'clocks" and "old maids," which toddling baby Tom would pull and lay on her pillow, saying: "Pitty fowers, make Mom Tempe well."

At first Aunt Tempe smiled at the child and feebly strove to stroke his curls, but she had not smiled now for many days. When, however, Doctor Bob looked at her and said: "Doctor Bob know; Doctor Bob cuore," Aunt Tempe smiled once more.

To Mis' Nannie's great alarm—for it was a chilly day in November and Aunt Tempe was almost a skeleton—Doctor Bob uncovered his patient's feet, and, with great solemnity, laid his staff across Aunt Tempe's feet, uttering some cabalistic words that Mom Rhody evidently understood, for she made a response in similar gibberish, at which Doctor Bob seemed greatly pleased.

He now took his position in the middle of the room, fixed his eyes on Aunt Tempe, and bending his crooked legs to an extraordinary angle, began swaying slowly back and forth, waving his arms, and crooning a wild chant.

His voice never rose above this low, monotonous crooning, but his movement presently grew faster and faster, and at that instant Mom Rhody entered upon the same performance, which was maintained with great vigor until both fell to the floor exhausted. Doctor Bob was the first to recover. He removed his staff from Aunt Tempe's feet with one hand, and with the other he held up to view two small balls of hair.

"See um!" he said to Mis' Nannie. "Come outen foots, but trabelled de body froo."

"Do you expect me to believe such nonsense?" said Mis' Nannie, indignantly.

"Honey, honey," panted Mom Rhody, "doan' balk de cuore!"

"Um gwan see," muttered Doctor Bob, in dudgeon, as he wrapped the balls of hair in a fabric, the like of which Mis' Nannie had never seen before. He then left the cabin, but presently returned with one of his smallest jugs full of a steaming liquid; this he placed at Aunt Tempe's feet, and covered all closely with the marvelous patchwork.

"Um no better, eh?" he said to Mis' Nannie, jerking his thumb toward the bed. Certainly Aunt Tempe was no worse.

So the "powwow," as Mawse Tom called it, went on day after day with this difference, that it took place after dark when more of the negroes—special selections of Mom Rhody's—could be present to "assist" in the ministrations, and Mawse Tom came to look on, instead of Mis' Nannie.

Every night Doctor Bob drew bigger and bigger balls of hair from Aunt Tempe's feet, and put a bigger jug of some mysterious steaming compound in her bed, and Aunt Tempe began to recover the power of speech and the use of her hands.

At last, when for eight consecutive days he had exhibited those mysterious balls of hair, supposed to travel through Aunt Tempe's body and come out at her feet, and Aunt Tempe all the while visibly growing better, on the morning of the ninth day, that being Friday, Doctor Bob announced that she would be loosed from the "kunger" at sundown, and that whoever had been instrumental in putting it upon her would "drap in de tracks," and only Doctor Bob's mercy could save that person from the effects of that same "kunjer."

At Doctor Bob's requisition, all the negroes were summoned at sundown to march in procession around Aunt Tempe's cabin, old Mis' and Mawse Tom and Mis' Nannie being there as lookers-on with all the children except baby Tom, who was asleep on a blanket in front of Aunt Tempe's fire.

Aunt Tempe lay on her bed opposite the door, which was wide open, that egress might be allowed the invisible "kunjer," and that she might be seen of each one in the procession. She was very feeble still, not having yet recovered the power to move herself freely. Doctor Bob stood outside, facing the door, at a sufficient distance to allow the procession to pass between him and the cabin.

Despite his diminutive size, despite his deformity, this hoary-headed black dwarf wore an air of majesty, and humbuggery though he felt it all to be, Mawse Tom could not laugh; to these ignorant creatures it bore a significance so terrible.

Mis' Nannie, when Doctor Bob began his unearthly crooning, clung trembling to her husband, and was half-sorry she had permitted the children to be present.

Most negroes incline to a rocking gait, and Mawse Tom's slaves, under the influence of Doctor Bob, swayed and swung heavily, and doubtless had the marching and the crooning continued many minutes, they would all have passed into a convulsive dance, but the march presently came abruptly to an end.

In obedience to a fascination none could resist, each negro, in passing, looked in at the invalid on the bed, but when Primus looked in, he uttered a yell, and fell flat upon his face.

He had seen what nobody else stayed to see, for the negroes scattered far and wide, as if a bomb-shell had burst among them. Primus saw Aunt Tempe, who had not moved for so many weeks, spring out of bed and rush to the fire-place, for Aunt Tempe, too, had seen what nobody else saw, she had seen the log in the fire-place burn asunder, and scatter in its fall the burning coals over baby Tom.

No one could understand, at first, the apparition of Aunt Tempe in the doorway, with the sleeping child in her arms, and the tears running down her wasted cheeks. Even to Mawse Tom and Mis' Nannie it seemed a sort of miracle, and I make no doubt that Doctor Bob himself was in a measure astonished, but he said, complacently:

"Um done loosed, feed um, warm um, um walk bombye."

Then he turned his attention to Primus, who upon recovering his senses, forswore Unc' December and all his arts.

As for Aunt Tempe, she did not recover her full strength immediately, but she improved rapidly, and never was ill again. She died in freedom at an extreme old age, cheered to the last by the affectionate devotion of baby Tom, whom she was accustomed to pet and scold long after his beard was grown.

Mawse Tom paid Doctor Bob's fee without questioning his skill, but it was not to be doubted by any reasonable mind that Aunt Tempe's faithful affection for baby Tom was a powerful factor in her cure, though Doctor Bob took to himself all the glory of it.—Elizabeth W. Bellamy, in Youth's Companion.

To Nervous Men.

If you will send us your address, we will mail you our illustrated pamphlet explaining all about Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and Appliances, and their charming effects upon the nervous debilitated system, and how they will quickly restore you to vigor, manhood and health. If you are thus afflicted, we will send you a Belt and Appliances on trial.
VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

GOOD HOME-MAKERS.

Some Notable Literary Women Who Are Excellent Housewives.

It was once thought that women who lectured and wrote stories and poetry were not and could not be home-makers. Notable housewives spoke of literary women with a tone of contempt. Only one woman, the noted Englishwoman, Mrs. Somerville, was cited as an exception, and she was accredited with so many achievements in science and in the domestic line that every other ambitious woman was abashed. But to-day some of the most prominent women before the public are the best of our country's home-makers.

Mrs. Livermore, of whom it is said, in addition to her world-wide fame as a lecturer, that she is the only woman who can fill the pulpit, has always been known as an exquisite housekeeper and a devoted mother. When she was assistant editor of the Chicago Covenant and the author of numerous tales and sketches a mutual acquaintance said to me: "Mrs. Livermore discourages us all by the amount of work she does. She writes and edits, takes the most self-denying care of an invalid daughter, works for the church, and has her house and table in order for all chance guests, who appear often enough here in the West." The same genius for presiding over a perfect home and performing wonders in the lecture field is transferred to her Melrose home in Massachusetts.

Lucy Stone is a sweet, motherly, domestic woman when in the circle of her home. Nothing can be purer or more peaceful than the atmosphere of that place, and nowhere are the sacredness and beauty of the marriage relation more nobly exemplified. A young composer gave me an enthusiastic account of a Sunday afternoon in their house at Cambridge, when Mr. Blackwell brought out piles of music sheets which he had collected of some of the masters' works, and with his young guest went over and over the gems, while Lucy Stone, though confessing that she had no ear for music, sat smiling and sympathetic with her husband's enjoyment. "The way she said 'Harry,' when addressing Mr. Blackwell," said the young man, "was perfectly charming. I was never in a lovelier home."

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, mother of five sons and two daughters, is another famous woman whose home is one of the brightest and best. Her heart is as large as her brain, and both go toward the building of a home such as is always a safeguard to society and State.

Annie Jenness Miller, the popular lecturer, editor, dress improver, and one of New York's most beautiful women, was reared in a home of exquisite order and neatness and carries its influence to her present elegant surroundings. A commanding presence, like that supposed to belong to an empress, helps her to exact the strictest obedience from her servants, while the softer qualities needed in a perfect home are not wanting. A husband that absolutely worships her is proof enough that the busy brain has not drained the fountain of the heart.—N. Y. Sun.

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Tired feeling, dull headache, pains in various parts of the body, sinking at the pit of the stomach, loss of appetite, feverishness, pimples or sores, are all positive evidence of poisoned blood. No matter how it became poisoned it *must* be purified to avoid death. Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir has *never* failed to remove scrofulous or syphilitic poisons. Sold under a positive guarantee.
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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1890.

Democratic County Ticket.

For Judge,
THOS. J. MORROW.

For Attorney,
LARKIN T. BRASHER.

For Clerk,
WILLIAM COWAN.

For Sheriff,
W. MOSES WEST.

For Assessor,
DENNIS R. PERRY.

For Supt. of Schools,
PROF. S. L. FROGGE.

For Jailer,
GEO. W. LONG.

For Surveyor,
H. P. RIVES.

For Coroner,
DR. JNO. L. DULIN.

The Governor has re-nominated Chas. Y. Wilson for Commissioner of Agriculture.

Dom Pedro, the ex-Emperor, is being seriously talked of for President of Brazil.

Euclid C. Cooksey, of Bowling Green, has become assistant editor of the Franklin *Favorite*.

Chas. E. Lyddane, editor of the Winchester *Democrat*, was married last week to Miss Fannie C. Bailey, of Winchester, a highly accomplished young school teacher.

Rev. H. M. Wharton, the evangelist, is now carrying on a big revival at the First Baptist Church in Covington, Ky. Rev. A. A. Williamson, the well known singer, is with him.

The sentence of two years, imprisonment against the Duke of Orleans, for returning to France without permission, has been remitted. He was escorted to the frontier and turned loose.

The location of the World's Fair for 1892 was settled in Congress Monday, Chicago winning easily on the eight ballot. The Lake City took the lead from the start with New York second, St. Louis third and Washington behind. On the final ballot the vote stood: Chicago 157, New York 107, St. Louis 27, Washington 18.

It is probable that the re-apportionment committee will recommend the re-adoption of the present apportionment, which is on the basis of one representative to every 2,960 voters and has been in effect ever since 1874. This apportionment is not altogether fair, for Christian, under the rule, has enough voters (6,950) to entitle the county to two representatives.

The Henderson *News* does not seem to attach much importance to the candidacy of Editor Givens for Congress, but has this reference:

"Shall Mr. Ellis, decline to offer, it is generally understood throughout the district that our popular and talented fellow-citizen, J. H. POWELL., will be the first choice of the democracy in the district to succeed the present able congressman."

Maj. H. S. Hale was sworn in as Treasurer Tuesday. His bondsmen are all citizens of Mayfield, and among them might be mentioned W. J. Slaton, W. W. Tice, Louis Stinson, Judge W. W. Robertson, Coleman Farthing, Thomas Liggin, D. G. Park, Judge D. D. Stanfield, Capt. S. B. Ridgeway, Capt. Elmore and Dr. S. J. Mathers. Maj. Hale will continue Jas. B. Hawkins as his assistant, at least for the present.

While the storm was raging Monday night, a party of grave robbers in the Northern Cemetery at New Albany were surprised in the act of desecrating graves and one of them instantly killed. Three others were arrested and placed in jail, but the fifth escaped. The party consisted of three Louisville physicians, Dr. J. T. Blackborn and Dr. W. E. Grant and another whose name is unknown and colored assistants. They had gone over to steal the bodies of Thomas Johnson and Edward Pearce, which were buried last Sunday, and had deliberately planned the affair. They were betrayed, however, by a boy, whom they had employed to point out the graves they wanted and as soon as they began operations, they were ordered to hold up their hands. Instead of obeying they ran, and a volley was fired. One colored man was killed and one escaped. The physicians were captured and were indicted by the grand jury in session Tuesday on two counts, viz: robbing a grave, and conspiring to commit a felony. Punishment in the first case is three to ten years in the penitentiary; in the second, two to fourteen years, and $200 to $500 fine. Dr. Grant is past 40 and Dr. Blackburn is about 25 years old. They are in the middle of a very bad fix. Both have families.

THE OTHER SIDE.

Dr. Rodman Replies to Dr. Cook's Article of Last Week.

The Charges Treated in Detail.

"HOPKINSVILLE, Feb. 21.—To the Hon. William M. Moore, Chairman of committee on Charitable Institutions, Frankfort, Ky.: I have read a communication from Dr. E. R. Cook, of this place; published in the Courier-Journal of the 17th inst., in which there were statements in regard to me that call for correction. I should deem a reply unnecessary if the man was as well known to you as he is at home.

"The charges in Dr. Cook's letter are not inspired by any desire for the public good, but are the offspring of maliciousness that is only equaled by the lack of truth of the assertions. They are, in good part, a very foolish repetition of what has been repeatedly investigated by committees of the General Assembly. First by one in 1880, composed of Senators Blackburn, of Woodford, and Wilkerson, of Trigg; Representatives Reynolds, of Nicholas, Ewing, of Trimble, and Dycus, of Crittenden. The report of the committee was an absolute and unqualified vindicatton of all the charges made by him. His removal from his position as Commissioner of the Western Kentucky Lunatic Asylum by Gov. Blackburn soon followed his attempt to malign those with whom he was officially associated. From that time on his only mission in life seems to be to defame the officers of the Asylum.

"In 1885 another committee composed of Senators Price and Rigney and Representatives Stone, Cleary and Bradford, made an exhaustive examination of many days of the Asylum, looking in the most minute way into every department of it. These gentlemen had nothing but words of the highest commendation for its management.

"Later, another committee appointed in 1887 under a joint resolution to investigate a charge made by a citizen of Simpson county, had addressed to it a communication from Dr. Cook, embodying almost identically the same allegations that were in his 'minority report' eight years previously. This committee, composed of Senator Wallace, of Laurel, and Representatives Nesbit, of Bath, Goodloe, of Mason, and Blakey, of Logan, after looking into the matter contemptuously dismissed it, saying: 'We examined the charges made by Dr. Cook, and, finding that they had been investigated by a committee of a previous Legislature, we gave them no further attention.' I respectfully refer to the reports made by these committees in 1880, 1885 and 1887 for confirmation of what I have said.

"Taking in detail Dr. Cook's letter to you: The suggestion that you were not allowed to see any one outside of a chosen few is too puerile for remark. That the General Assembly is advised as to what should be appropriated for the Lunatic Asylums of the Commonwealth is, I take it, conceded. The Western Asylum is supported on exactly the same basis as the other two. As to the office of Supervisor, I dare say that outside of Kentucky—I am not advised or informed as to it now—there are not half a dozen asylums in this country in which this office does not exist. The salary of my son in that position was not $1,000, but less than half of it. That of his wife as housekeeper is $300 instead of $500. The other offices spoken of are created by the Legislature and their salaries fixed by it

"You are informed that the head carpenter gets $3 per day; this is true. Of his assistants, instead of $2.50 a day each, one gets $20 a month and the other $1 a day.

"Dr. Cook says: 'Dr. Rodman had some years since all the money appropriated by the State taken out of the Bank of Hopkinsville and put in the Trice bank.' I have never controlled a dollar of money belonging to the Asylum nor suggested a depository for one six-pence. I have never made thousands of dollars out of the Asylum's money, nor a single cent.

"My private affairs, I take it, are not proper subjects for public comment. Again Dr. Cook says: 'Dr. Rodman had his "castle" built by the Asylum carpenters.' If this means that my house was built by a carpenter who was paid by the Asylum, it is a lie, pure and simple. The certificate of Mr. Salter, the carpenter who did this work, is enclosed. I was, as Superintendent of the Western Kentucky Lunatic Asylum, entitled to comfortably furnished quarters for myself and family, by direct provision of law. Not one-third of the property in my house was the State's property. All the more expensive articles were my own. When my term of office expired two of the board of Commissioners and the Steward were directed to value such things as I wanted, and allow me to keep and pay for them at their valuation. This I did to the amount of probably $600. I hold the receipt of the Steward for the money.

"In 1886 the Legislature passed an act authorizing the Superintendent of the Western Kentucky Lunatic Asylum to reside in the city of Hopkinsville. Some time thereafter I occupied my house in this city, and did so until my retirement from the Superintendency of the Asylum. I supposed that under the law giving me quarters for myself and family I was entitled to a reasonable rental for it. Supported, as I think, by the opinion of the Attorney General, I had placed before the Board of Commissioners an account for what I thought due. The records were open to Inspector Miller. In commenting upon that part of them which refers to the transaction he remarked that in his judgment I was not entitled to pay for the use of the house. There was no 'rumpus,' no suggestion of my 'wanting the earth.' Upon learning his views I consulted my attorney, who agreed with Mr. Miller. Since that time the matter has not been mentioned. If it is right for me to be paid a reasonable amount for the use of the dwelling I should certainly want it; if not right I as certainly do not want it.

"Dr. Cook again says: 'The committee should inquire into this Dr. Rodman, who, although no longer Superintendent, seems still to have a finger in the pie, and visits the institution.' I confess that now and then I visit the Asylum. I further confess that I have an abiding interest in its welfare. I still further confess that I hold friendly relations with its officers, but say since I have retired I have had no part in its government, and in no wise dictated its policy. As to that large sheet, the pay-roll, if you examine it I believe you will find that it shows the names of as few persons, and at as reasonable rates of wages, as in other institutions of like character.

"'I wrote a minority report some years ago when they had accumulated a surplus of $40,000, and in my report had the surplus—all they did not hide—put back in the State Treasury, and they have had no use for me since,' says Dr. Cook. The only element of truth in this allegation is in the latter part of it. This 'minority report' was fully investigated by a Legislative committee. The remainder of his letter has no further claim on my attention.

"I come now to the letter of William Murray, who makes charges sufficiently grave to warrant explanation. Murray was attendant in the Asylum when I had charge of it. I discharged him for misconduct and violation of rules. He came to this city, remaining for a while, then went to California. Since then I know nothing of him personally. At the time of his dismissal he gave me an intimation that I should hear from him. Of the character of the abuse I had no idea, and gave it no thought.

"Taking the charges in Murray's letter to Dr. Cook in the order made: 'Dr. Rodman kept me running two wards of between sixty and seventy patients for ten months for one mans' pay.' This is not true. He had an oversight of two wards only from the time the attendant in the communicating ward left until a successor could be appointed—a short time—possibly for a few weeks. He was paid for his extra time $20.

"'I have found men lying on the floor dead in the morning, having fallen out of bed during the night in the agonies of death.' This, I believe, is not true. Dr. Stone, in his statement, says: 'I never heard of patients falling out of bed in the agonies of death; but patients have been found dead in the morning from appoplexy or epileptic fits, and such events occur in all asylums. For the number of patients and for the length of time, I believe that as few patients have died alone in this as any institution of like character in the country.

"'The only mutilation by rat-bites that ever happened as far as I know or ever heard of was in Murray's ward. I was absent at the time, but upon my return the circumstance was reported to me and looked into. Murray told me that the remains were uninjured when he went to breakfast, but upon his return soon after he found that a rat had bitten a small place on one eyebrow and another on the nose. John Connelly makes this statement with reference to this case: "I hereby certify that I carefully watched and attended to the man alluded to, I suppose, in the letter from Mr. Murray to Dr. Cook, all night before his death. He died in the morning, and his death was reported to said Murray, who was his attendant in the ward, immediately after its occurrence. I further certify that —— was in a comfortable room, was lying on a clean, well-furnished bed, and had about him all that was necessary for a sick or dying man. There was no rat-bite or other mutilation on him when I left him.' Dr. Stone, who had him in charge as physician, says in his statement, which is inclosed: 'I never heard of more than one case of this sort occurring here, and do not believe that there ever was another. This one occurred in Mr. Murray's ward, as he acknowledged, in broad, open daylight, during his temporary absence from the room in which the corpse lay. The area of the skin eaten away was very small, certainly not larger than a silver half-dollar, and probably not half so large. The remains of patients are carefully guarded here, and but this one accident of this sort has occurred during the twenty years of my stay here; this too, notwithstanding the fact that it is impossible to effectually keep out rats from any large building in which there is the attraction of two kitchens and seventeen dining-rooms, with pipes—water and soil—running in wooden casings throughout, along which they can gain access.' To the same effect, Mrs. Peck says: 'I am matron of the Western Kentucky Lunatic Asylum, and have been in the employ of said asylum for twenty-six years. I saw the remains of ——, and my attention was called to the rat-bite on his face. I regarded the bite as insignificant, and I never knew of another patient injured by rats or otherwise mutilated.'

"To quote Murray again: 'Many of these violent patients will not wear clothing and when the wind is from the north they are almost frozen to death, as there is no draft in the flues when the wind is from that quarter.' In answer to this I inclose you the statement of the engineer, in which he says: 'All the wards have been comfortably warmed, and that part of the building occupied by the patients under William Murray's care was exceptionably well heated. I must say for Dr. Rodman that he always said that he wanted the building warm, if nothing else was done.'

"To protect the Asylum from spiteful and unfounded attacks by employes who had been dismissed from its service for cause, and to arrive quickly at a knowledge of any misconduct which might be to the detriment of the patients, I had for many years presented weekly to every person engaged in its services a paper reading thus: 'I hereby declare on honor that I know of no patient in this Asylum having been mistreated or in any way neglected by any officer or employe. I know of no misconduct of any character whatever upon the part of any officer or employe.' This paper was signed by Murray on the next Monday after entering upon his duties, again on the Monday following the case of the rat-bite, and yet again on the Monday preceding his discharge from the Asylum, and on every Monday from September 1884, until January 7, 1889, inclusive. It seems to me that this should be an estoppel as to William Murray.

"These papers I file with this, for verification of my statements; also the opinion of the Attorney General, the statements of Dr. Stone, Mrs. Peck, John Connelly and O. J. Sensbach, to which I have referred. I have gone over the ground rapidly but I think sufficiently.

"I will only add that I hold myself in readiness to appear before your committee, here or at Frankfort, to answer as best I can any charge against my official conduct. I know that, as chief medical officer of large charities for approaching thirty years, I have made innumerable blunders from ignorance and lack of foresight; incidents have transpired that gave me the keenest suffering, and it has seemed to me for long periods that no day passed that did not plant a thorn in my pillow at night, but I am consoled by the knowledge that I did the best I could, and now ask no man's charity for my official acts. I want justice only.

"I have the honor to be your obedient servant, JAMES RODMAN.

TOBACCO NEWS.

LOUISVILLE TOBACCO MARKET.

Furnished by Glover & Durrett.

Sales on our market for the week just closed amount to 3 542. hhds. with receipts of 2 522. hhds. for the same period. Sales on our market since January 1st, 23 337 hhds. Sales on our market up to this date of the crop of 1889, amount to 16 360 hhds.

The sales have been large again this week on our market but the offerings have been composed mainly of burley tobacco. Dark tobacco both old and new remain very firm at the improvement which has been recently reported. The following quotations fairly represent our market for dark tobacco crop of 1888.

Trash 75c to $1 00.

Common to Medium Lugs $1 50 to $2 50.

Dark Rich Lugs Extra quality $2 50 to $4 50.

Common Leaf $3 50 to $4 50.

Medium to Good leaf $4 50 to $5 50.

Good leaf extra length $5 50 to $7 00.

Wrappery styles $7 50 to $12 00.

HOPKINSVILLE MARKET.

Sales by H. H. Abernathy Feb. 26, of 37 hhds. tobacco as follows.

19 hhds. old leaf $7 70, 7 45, 7 40, 7 00, 7 00, 6 70, 6 60, 6 15, 6 15, 6 15, 6 15, 6 00, 5 85, 5 70, 4 00, 4 00, 4 00, 4 00, 4 00.

6 hhds. old lugs $3 75, 3 50, 3 50, 2 50, 2 00. 2 00.

8 hhds. new leaf $6 55, 6 10, 6 00, 4 30, 4 30, 4 50, 4 50, 4 00.

4 hhds. new lugs $1 80, 1 65, 1 50, 1 25.

Leaf of desirable character selling well while lugs are almost neglected.

H. H. Abernathy.

The senior proprietor of this paper has been subject to frequent colds for some years, which were sure to lay him up if not doctored at once. He finds that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is reliable. It opens the secretions, relieves the lungs and restores the system to a healthy condition. If freely used as soon as the cold has been contracted, and before it has become settled in the system, it greatly lessens the attack and often cures in a single day what would otherwise have been a severe cold.—*Northwestern Hotel Reporter*, Des Moines, Iowa. 50 cent bottles for sale by Buckner Leavell.

DEATHS.

Unknown pauper at the poor house Wednesday.

COLORED.

Viny Downey, an infant, in Hubbardsville, Tuesday.

Ivy Armstrong, near Crofton, Tuesday, of pneumonia, aged 17 years.

E. M. Thomas Manf. Co. N. Y.

"Your Vitalia, for indigestion, dyspepsia, disorded liver, colic, and bowel troubles, it is the best seller we have; those who use it recommend it to others." McReynolds & Co., druggists, Clarksville, Tenn. Every family should keep Vitalia Liver Pills; they are mild and sure, small and sugar-coated; great favorites for biliousness, headache, and constipation. Book with testimonials from your neighbors free to callers. For sale only by Rogers & Elgin.

A wild rumor was flashed over the country some days ago that W. S. Hemingway, the retiring State Treasurer of Mississippi, had been found $250,000 short in his accounts. An investigation followed and an error was found that cleared up the matter and all is now serene.

A gentleman in Union county, Mo., who is too modest a man to have his name mentioned in the newspapers, was cured of rheumatism by Chamberlain's Pain Balm, after trying other medicines and treatments for thirteen years. 50-cent bottles for sale by Buckner Leavell.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.
COLORED.
Wesley Carr to Alice McReynolds.

Death by Lightning.

Jim Butler, the 14-year-old son of Jeff Butler, colored, was instantly killed this morning about 8 o'clock by a stroke of lightning. He lived near Collett's brick yard and just before struck by the lightning came into the house and leaned against the mantlepiece. While in this position he was struck, the lightning setting fire to his clothes and killing him instantly. —Bowling Green *Times*.

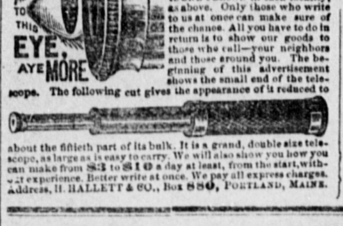
ONE ENJOYS
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing it is general debility. Try BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It will cure you, and give a good appetite. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

C. E. WEST, Agent.
HOPKINSVILLE - - - - - KY.



One of the BEST Telescopes in the world. FREE Our facilities are unequaled, and to introduce our superior goods we will send FREE to ONE PERSON in each locality, as above. Only those who write to us at once can make sure of the chance. All you have to do in return is to show our goods to those who call—your neighbors and those around you. The beginning of this advertisement shows the small end of the telescope. The following cut gives the appearance of it reduced to about the fiftieth part of its bulk. It is a grand, double size telescope, as large as is easy to carry. We will also show you how you can make from $3 to $10 a day at least, from the start, without experience. Better write at once. We pay all express charges. Address, H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

TO ADVERTISERS
A list of 1,000 newspapers divided into States and Sections will be sent on application—FREE.
To those who want their advertising to pay we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Select Local List.
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Newspaper advertising Bureau.
10 Spruce street, New York.

WHISKIES
Of the Old Kentucky style are steadily increasing in favor with those people who seek absolute purity combined with that fruity and mellow flavor to be found only in the genuine product of "Old Kaintuck."
HARPER'S NELSON COUNTY WHISKEY is and has been for years before the public and has as well merited a reputation in its own State as it possesses abroad. Edmundson & Long, sole agents, Hopkinsville, Ky.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR CLERK OF COURT OF APPEALS.

We are authorized to announce GEORGE H MADDEN as a candidate for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, subject to the action of the Democratic nominating primary or convention.

We are authorized to announce CAPT JAMES B. MARTIN, of Barren county, as a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

What is
CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints. Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic stupefaction.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

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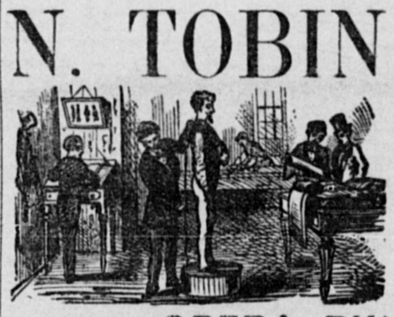
J. C. KENDRICK. J. H. PETTUS. GEO. S. IRWIN. T. W. SHAW.
Kenduick, Pettus & Co.,
TOBACCO SALESMEN.
All Tobacco Insured unless we have written instructions to the contrary.
CLARKSVILLE, TENN.
SOLICITING YOUR PATRONAGE.
JOHN T. BODDIE, Boddie, Ky., Agent.

N. TOBIN & CO.,

Merchant Tailors,
OPERA BUILDING,
Hopkinsville, Kentucky.
Special Attention Given to Orders from a Distance.
Parties needing anything in their line would do well to call and see their stock before purchasing elsewhere. 1-31-ly

W. D. MERIWETHER, JOE K. GANT. FOUR MONTHS FREE STORAGE. C. NICK MERIWETHER, C. E. MERIWETHER.
Banner Tobacco Warehouse.
Meriwether & Gant,
Clarksville, Tenn.
WE SOLICIT A SHARE OF YOUR BUSINESS. All Tobacco Insured unless instructed in writing. Liberal Advances on Tobacco in Store.

NAT GAITHER, Manager. JAMES WEST, Salesman.
PLANTERS WAREHOUSE.
The Nat Gaither Co., Proprietors.
TOBACCO COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Hopkinsville - - - Ky.
Liberal Allowances on Tobacco in Store.
Four Months free storage to planters.

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WHEELER, MILLS & CO.,
:TOBACCO:
Warehousemen and Commissiog Merchants.
RUSSELLVILLE AND RAILROAD STREETS, HOPKINSVILLE, KY.
Liberal Advance on Consignments. All Tobacco Sent us Covered by Insurance.

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NELSON & DABNEY,
TOBACCO, GRAIN & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
R. R. and 11th Sts. Hopkinsville, Ky.
Liberal advances made on Tobacco in store. All tobacco insured at cost of owner unless instructed to the contrary.

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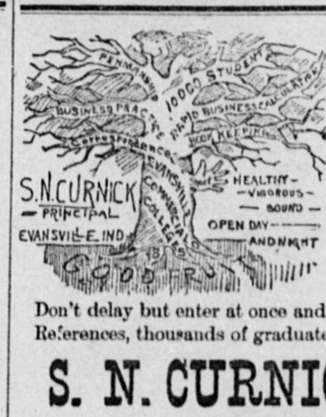
PEOPLE'S WAREHOUSE
HANBERY & SHRYER, PROP'S,
HOPKINSVILLE, Ky. R. R. St. Bet 10th and 11th.
Careful attention given to sampling and selling all tobacco consigned to us. Liberal advances made on tobacco in store. All tobacco insured unless otherwise instructed.

Central Tobacco Warehouse,
HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY,
H. H. Abernathy, Prop'r.
Personal attention paid to sampling and selling tobacco.

THOS. HERNDON. TOM. P. MAJOR.
HERNDON & MAJOR,
PROPRIETORS
Grange Tobacco Warehouse,
Clarksville, Tennessee.
Special Attention to Sampling & Selling Tobacco.
Liberal Advances Made on Consigments.
ROBT. B. WITHERS, - TRAVELING SOLICITOR.



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CLARKSVILLE, TEN.
LARGE STOCK. PRICES LOW.
Work a Specialty.

4 Year Old Whisky $2 a Gallon.
SEND ORDERS TO
Kraver & Harris,
HOPKINSVILLE, - - - - - KENTUCKY
4 Year Old
WHISKY
$2.00
Per Gallon.
N. B.—Enclose Postal money Order or Cash with your order.
The following brands kept: Daviess County and E. W. Worsham's Peerless; Hill & Winstead's Silk Velvet; Robertson County Corn Whisky; Anderson County Whisky, White Corn Whisky; Rich Grain Sour Mash Union County Whisky and Tennessee Whiskies.
EIGHT DIFFERENT KINDS OF WINES.
SPECIALTIES:
BRANDIES, "PEACH AND HONEY," "ROCK AND RYE," AND GIN."
PRICES FROM $1 50 TO $4 PER GALLON, WITH JUGS FREE.

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SAMUEL HODGSON,
Importer and manufacturer of
Granite And Marble Monuments,
The best material and most artistic work at the lowest prices.
F. M. WHITLOW, of Hopkinsville, is my solicitor for the sale of work.
SAM'L HODGSON.

Bargains. Bargains.
Clearing Sale for the next 30 days in order to make room for Spring Goods. Prices regardless of Cost. Will not be undersold by anybody.
FURS—Highest market price paid for Furs.
MORRIS COHEN.
SHYER'S CORNER.

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Book Keeping, Short Hand, Telegraphy, &c. Write for Catalogue and full information. LOUISVILLE, KY.

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.
THEO. E. BARTLEY, - - Business Manager
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1890.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mr. Jas. Western, of Sheffield, Ala., is in the city.

Miss Susie Garth is visiting Mrs. W. T. Radford.

Miss Lellie McElwain, of Trenton, is visiting Miss Lizzie Graves.

Mrs. Chas. Slaughter has returned to her home in Rochester, Ky.

Miss Kate Wooldridge is visiting Mrs. F. S. Beaumont, of Clarksville.

Mrs. J. C. Buckner and son, Gordon, are visiting Mrs. Thos. W. Buckner, in Henderson.

Mrs. J. W. Venable left Wednesday for an extended visit to relatives in New York City.

Miss Pauline Goldstein, who will return home from Hopkinsville Monday, will be accompanied by Miss Lulu Hart who will make her a visit. —Henderson *Journal.*

HERE AND THERE.

M. D. Boales will rebuild his store recently burned.

WANTED, a copy of the KENTUCKIAN of June 21, 1889.

A ball at the armory was on the program for last night.

"Town Lots" to-night at the Opera House. Don't fail to go.

Pure-bred Plymouth Rock eggs for sale. Apply at this office.*

R. M. Wooldridge, livery, feed & sale stable, Fritz' stand. Telephone 142.*

Buy goods of 5—McGehee Bros.—5 Clarksville, Tenn., and save money.*

Buy Eureka coal of Wheeler & Edmundson. Wheeler, Mills & Co's warehouse.*

Watch the date opposite your name on your paper. It shows when your time is out.

For rent, a large dry goods store room on N. W. Cor. Main and 9th streets. D. J. Gish.

Rev. Jno. D. Jordon leaves Russellville to-day for Paducah to begin the pastorate of the Baptist church there.

In Montgomery county, Tenn., Miss Minnie Dill, aged 20 years, was killed by a falling house during the storms the first of the week.

Postmaster McKenzie says 3,000 pieces of mail matter are daily put up in the Hopkinsville postoffice and the daily average of letters mailed is about 1,000.

Walter S. Mathews has agreed to divide receipts with the Kentucky Women's Confederate Monument Association on his present tour. He appears here March 5.

A drunken man stopped at several houses on South Main Wednesday evening and frightened the ladies. The police were notified by telephone and escorted him to the lockup.

Rev. J. F. Dagg will preach at the Baptist church, at which time the Lord's Supper will be celebrated. At night, Rev. J. T. Barrow will preach his last sermon before leaving for his new field of labor.

Fairview Mills, Ross A. Rogers agent. Wareroom at Randle & Ely's, opposite Phœnix Hotel. Telephone.*

Brasher & West, merchants at Crofton, have sold out to Messrs. Jno. H. Myres and Dr. J. B. Jackson. These gentlemen will take possession in a few days. The firm will be Myers & Jackson.

Town Lots is drawing goods houses and has made a big hit. The singing and specialities are great. Ross Snow and Elios Willard have stamped themselves big favorites here.—Memphis *Times.* Opera House to night.

Nearly every cellar in the city, even in the more elevated portions, is filled with water. The earth is thoroughly saturated and even if the rains are over it will take many days of sunshine to get the soil in condition for the plow or spade.

Rev. B. D. Gray, of Mississippi, has declined to accept the call to the pastorate of the Baptist church of this city and the place is still open. Prof. J. W. Rust, W. L. Trice, G. D. Dalton, B. F. Eager and R. T. Petree have been appointed a committee to recommend somebody else for pastor.

A wet weather spring burst up in the middle of the street, through 18 inches of metal, Wednesday in front of Esq. Alex Campbell's place on North Main. The whole surface of the earth is filled with water. Wells are running over, pits and cellars are full and all streams are on a high.

The Evansville Commercial College has had a very large attendance this winter and the students have been making splendid progress, a number of them having already found lucrative positions through the untiring energy of the principal, Prof. S. N Curnick. Read what the Professor has to say in the college "ad.," which appears elsewhere.

Rev. J. T. Barrow, wife and two daughters, Misses Bertha and Lelia, were granted letters of dismission from the Baptist church Wednesday night. Mr. Barrow leaves Monday for his new field of labor at Sweetwater, Tenn. It making his departure he takes with him the best wishes of his many friends and the public generally by whom he is held in the highest estimation. The KENTUCKIAN takes pleasure in commending him as an earnest, devout, working minister of the gospel; a useful and most estimable citizen and a clever, agreeable gentleman, who has the faculty of making friends and retaining them.

LITTLE TYCOON AND THE "MYSTIC TIE"

AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

Sweet Song for Sweet Charity.

Grand Benefit for the Louisville Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home.

Hopkinsville received the delegation of orphan children from the Louisville Widows' and Orphans' Home with enthusiastic welcome last Friday night at the Opera House, every available inch of whose space was filled by a refined and sympathetic audience assembled to witness the presentation of the popular opera, "The Little Tycoon," for the benefit of the Home.

Several weeks since Hopkinsville Lodge, No. 37, called upon Miss Emily B. Perry to give an entertainment in order to raise a contribution to aid in liquidating the debt by which the Home is encumbered. Deciding upon a style of entertainment that had been often attempted without success, there was little or no encouragement attending the determination to give an opera, and thus it was with doubt this work began. Miss Perry's remarkable talents in the line of home entertainments have often been generously given in our community in successful aid of charitable objects and to promote works of public benefit, but last Friday night—also the repetition the 25th—in presenting the opera, "The Little Tycoon," she surpassed all her previous efforts and placed the keystone in the grand arch of Masonic charity. Her well cultivated taste and energy which surmounts every obstacle, and unerring judgment in the selection of her assistants, in tableaux, concert, or drama, invariably awaken general interest and loosen the strings of the public purse.

It is only justice to Mr. Willard Spencer, author of "The Little Tycoon," to state that its presentation on both occasions was by his special permission. This favor is cordially appreciated by the Masons of Hopkinsville, as a most generous concession to their great charity.

The scene in the first act of this opera is on deck of an ocean steamer; in the second and third acts, Gen. Knickerbocker's home. The stage setting, properties and decorations were specially constructed for the various scenes. The sea view and full rigged ship was a fine instance of artistic ingenuity triumphing over disadvantages.

The action opened with a lively chorus on deck of the steamer, which in honor of the young prima donna of the evening, was named the "Willie Hughes." The costumes, as designed by Misses Perry and Steinhagen, were fresh, picturesque and tasteful. The chorus was personated by Misses Patti Mercer, Lizzie Withers, Cora Petree, Bettie Hanbery, Gamie Wallis, Mattie Buckner, Mary Griffith, Mattie Overshiner, Alice Haddox, Helen Hall, Lena Yancey, Florence Buchanan, Fannie Rust, Messrs. Walter Campbell, Henry Tandy, Jack Hanbery, Ed. Arnold, Charlie Anderson and Harry Bryan.

Some of these were school children and all were novices, but they sang with spirit, melody and precision, being grouped and arranged with fine regard to stage effect. The principal roles were admirably sung and personated by Miss Jennie Winfree as the matchless, high-plumed chaperone; Miss Florence Steinhagen as Violet's friend; T. W. Moore as "The Great Tycoon," of Japan; Rudolph Steinhagen as the "Gull-Gull Interpreter" to the "Great Tycoon;" Thos. Underwood as "Lord Dolphin;" J. R. Tobin as "Teddy" the Valet; Oswin Steinhagen as "Gen. Knickerbocker;" Miss Cora Petree as "Lady Pullhimback;" Jouett Henry and J. P. Campbell as "Custom House Officers," and Allan Wallis and McClure Kelly as "footmen." As Wheelsman Mr. Bryan Hopper performed his part faithfully throughout the ocean scene.

The drill of weeks which preceded the performance was laborious. Its result was excellent singing and acting, fresh, animated and effective, far surpassing the average performance of professionals behind the foot-lights.

Miss Rosa Steinhagen is entitled to the sole credit of the musical part of the drill. Possessing true musical inspiration in an extraordinary degree, she has by diligent culture attained an enviable rank as a pianist of exact, spirited and brilliant execution. Her perception of musical fitness is an intuition. Her magnetic touch makes the ivory keys leap as if they had a soul, to kiss her pliant fingers and breathe their thought in melody.

The stage was dressed and set with exquisite taste and effect. The scenes with the various properties, and the parti-colored banners, lanterns, fans and umbrellas of Japan presented a beautiful picture. The throne of the Great Tycoon was elegantly draped and decorated. The spectacular ensemble was the finest ever witnessed here in rich and varied decoration. The whole was the fruit of the arduous labor and exquisite taste of Mrs. Mary B. Campbell and Misses Perry and Steinhagen, who merit grateful acknowledgement for their benevolent exertions for public amusement and Masonic philanthrophy.

Miss Willie Hughes, who took the role of Violet, the principal character in the opera, is a young society belle, of Morganfield, Ky., and daughter of a leading lawyer of that town. She came, she saw, she conquered by her exquisite impersonation. She carries home with her the applause of the public and the benediction of the widows add orphans to heighten the worth and charm, if that be possible, of her great gift of song. A face beaming with animation, and an easy, unstudied grace, both in motion and repose, set off to advantage her petite, willowy figure, which was admirably adapted to her role. Her phrasing is distinct and her elocution natural. Her voice is a pure soprano, even, without a break, increasing in sweetness and transparency of tone as it reaches its highest pitch. The tender melody "Tell me Daisy," perhaps struck some as her finest song. It was a delicious bit of sentiment, but "Love Comes Like a Summer Sigh" electrified the house. Mr. Moore's rich, sympathetic tenor blended admirably with the soprano of Violet, and the full chorus swelling and dying away realized Orsino's similitude of the music-laden south wind breathing over a bank of violets, "stealing and giving odor."

Two of the best personated characters were Mr. Tobin's "Teddy" and Mr. Underwood's "Lord Dolphin." "Teddy's" make-up, brogue, costume and irrepressible hilarity showed true genius for character delineation and kept the house in a tempest of laughter. The antipodes of "Teddy" was Lord Dolphin, whose languid helplessness and forcible feebleness was in ludicrous contrast to his valet's vivacity. Dolly Dimple with her sweet voice and easy action made the best possible development, of her part as Violet's companion. General Knickerbocker's spirited song, "When I was a Boy," was a highly meritorous performance. The character was superbly sustained. "The Cats on Our Back Fence," was a big hit of the tortoise shell and Maltese type. Rudolph Steinhagen as Rufus Ready and "Gull-Gull" interpreter to the Great Tycoon," seemed to have the most perfect conception of the two parts, his action and manner in both being especially marked and entertaining. His song, "The Fatal Step," was a decided hit.

The "Tycoon March" in grotesqueness, costume, melody and every other feature was a terpsichorian gem of the first water.

One of the best hits of the evening was the Goblin Dance of the Chorus around the terrified Lord Dolphin, Gen. Knickerbocker and Teddy the valet. The sable costumes, dismal songs, frightful howls and grotesque caperings of the juveniles in their demoniac evolutions around their victims evoked a storm of merriment.

The orchestral performance of Williams' string and horn band, organized by Arthur Banks, in its overture and *entre actes*, was a fine feature of the evening and added largely to its enjoyment.

Altogether the performance was of the first order and merited the vast audience and hearty applause it called forth. A gentleman of cultivated taste and superior judgment in such matters remarked: "It was far the best *amateur* performance I have ever witnessed during my experience in many cities"

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

Killed at Morton's Gap.

A frame house burned at Morton's Gap Tuesday and after the fire a number of people were standing around the ruins when the chimney fell and killed a young man, the son of the owner of the property, whose name our informant could not remember.

Rev. J. S. Phillips, who was called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church about a month ago, has never been heard from, although twice notified by letter by the church. It is thought the letters miscarried, as they were directed to a town where he was only temporarily stopping. The church is still trying to get into communication with him.

LEMON ELIXIR.

Its Wonderful Effect on the Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys and Blood.

Dr. Mozley's Lemon Elixir is a pleasant lemon drink, that positively cures all Biliousness, Constipation, Indigestion, all sick and Nervous Headaches, Kidney Disease, Dizziness, Loss of appetite, Fevers, Chills, Palpitation of Heart, and all other diseases caused by disordered liver, stomach and kidneys, the first great cause of all fatal diseases. 50cts. and $1 per bottle. Sold by druggists. Prepared only by H. Mozley, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

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For coughs and colds, take Lemon Hot Drops.
For sore throat and Bronchitis, take Lemon Hot Drops.
For pneumonia and Laryngitis take Lemon Hot Drops.
For Hemorrhage and all throat and lung diseases, take Lemon Hot Drops.
25 cents, at druggist. Prepared only by Dr. H. Mozley, Atlanta, Ga.

President National Bank.

McMinville, Tenn. writes: From experience in my family, Dr. H. Mozley's Lemon Elizir has few, if any equals, and no superiors in medicines, for the regulation of the liver, stomach and bowels. Dr. H. Mozley's Lemon Hot Drops are superior to any remedies we have ever been able to get for throat and lung diseases. W. H. MAGNESS, Pres. Nat'l Bank.

NOTICE—There is a fraudulent Lemon Elixir on the market—a whisky substitute, a Blind Tiger drink. See that you get Dr. H. Mozley's Lemon Elixir, an honest, reliable medicine.

THE WIND ON A TEAR.

A SERIES OF STORMS VISIT CHRISTIAN AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.

Many Buildings Destroyed and Some Loss of Life.

The Damages So Far as Learned.

The weather has been very stormy for several days. Heavy rains, destructive hurricanes and numerous thunder storms have occurred in this county and in portions of Trigg and Todd and in fact throughout this whole section of country.

Some facts have been gathered concerning those of the most importance locally considered, though our reports have necessarily been imperfect.

ROARING SPRING AND PEE DEE.

On Tuesday afternoon the neighborhoods of Roaring Spring, PeeDee and Newstead were storm swept.

A colored man named Pete Wilson was killed in a falling barn and two other parties were more or less injured, but not fatally.

G. W. Jones lost a tenement house and Ben Carter all out-buildings.

Geo. Gee lost a barn. Al. Crenshaw lost a barn. Several other barns were destroyed but the names of the sufferers could not be learned

The fences generally were blown down and trees were uprooted everywhere.

BELLEVIEW.

Some of the worst work of the storm was done here and at Montgomery. A smart wind began the work Sunday night and a regular hurricane completed it Tuesday. The more important losses were as follows:

Harry Clark, residence on the Nuckolls place demolished.
Frank Graves residence blown down.
Dabney Stuart, residence wrecked.
W. W. Ware, three barns.
A. E. Owen, one barn and outhouses.
Lewis Stewart, one barn a complete wreck and half the top off another.
Hon. H. B. Clark, one barn.
W. F. Cox, two barns.
A. W. Meacham, one very large barn.
A. F. Boyd, one barn.
Charlie Lander's estate, one barn.
W. R. Fourquean, one barn and portion of residence. All of these parties and others in the vicinity suffered greatly by having fences demolished, timber and orchards damaged, etc.

MONTGOMERY AND GRACEY.

The same storm struck Montgomery in Trigg county, a few miles west of Belleview and swept over the Gracey neighborhood between the two places. The heaviest losers were Jno. E. Ricketts, two barns destroyed and dwelling unroofed. The tin roof was blown entirely off and a portion of it lifted on the wings of the wind and carried half a mile away.

L. R. Hubbard, Jno. J. Gaines, Mrs. J. W. Gaines, H. H. Bryant and R. W. Roach, each lost a barn. Jas. R. Gaines lost two barns. Jas. Golladay, two barns. Here as elsewhere fences were badly damaged.

AT CANTON.

Further down in Trigg county the town of Canton was visited.

The Masonic Hall was destroyed.

A large warehouse belonging to W. C. White was blown down.

Judge Tyler's handsome residence was unroofed.

Many other houses and barns were destroyed or damaged and fences wrecked on every hand.

SINKING FORK AND HAMBY.

Only meager reports have been received from this section of the storm, but the usual results followed in this section.

Jesse Payne's barn was destroyed and Mr. Payne himself badly hurt in escaping from the wreck.

Alex Gilliland lost one or two barns.

F. M. Stephens also sustained heavy damages.

Pleasant Green church, on the Buttermilk road, was blown down and totally wrecked.

The log dwelling house of Green Moore, col., was blown down. Also his barn and stable. His wife was in bed sick but none of the family were injured.

A BAD ONE AT PEMBROKE.

Tuesday afternoon a similar hurricane played havoc around Pembroke. Like all tornadoes its course was from southwest to northeast.

R. H. Holland lost two barns, fences and many valuable trees.

The Rawlins boys lost two barns and fences.

D. A. Bronaugh had a fine piece of timber ruined.

John Fruit lost one barn and Lee Watson two barns. In one of these some hands were at work stripping tobacco and a colored man named Dick Harleson had a leg broken and two colored boys were injured but not seriously. Some pieces of detached fences and buildings were carried for three-fourths of a mile.

D. M. Whittaker had one barn destroyed.

SOUTH OF TOWN.

In the vicinity of Beverley some serious damages were sustained.

Locust Grove church was unroofed and badly damaged.

C. T. Mason had a large barn destroyed.

The storm swept uncomfortably near to the city and blew down a colored school house just out of town on the Clarksville pike, also two cabins near M. H. Nelson's. One of these was occupied by a colored family, but none of them was hurt.

IN THE CITY.

High winds prevailed in the city Sunday night, Monday night and Tuesday afternoon. Save here and there a broken chimney or other slight damage no bad results followed the visitations.

A section of the roof on the Planters Warehouse was dislodged.

H. B. Garner had some slight damages done to his house, covered by a tornado policy, the only insurance so far heard of. W. T. Radford had some plank fence blown down. The Baptist church had the two miniature cupolas over the front door blown off. These matters were of minor consequence when compared with the damages elsewhere.

A BRIDGE DESTROYED.

The Hendricks bridge across the West Fork of Pond River was swept away and entirely destroyed by high water Tuesday.

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED
FOR THE
ANNOUNCEMENT
OF MY GREAT
Spring Millinery
OPENING,
ABOUT MARCH 15th,
A. A. METZ,
"Leader and Controller of Low Prices."
Open Every Night Until 9 O'clock.

SPECIAL LOCALS

$1.50

For full stock heavy Boots at
Pye, Dicken & Wall.

Pure Bronze Turkeys

For sale. Apply to MISS IDA KNIGHT, Hopkinsville, Ky.

Stockholders Meeting.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Christian County Union Turn-pike Road Company. For the election of officers for the ensuing year will be held at the office of the Company in Hopkinsville Ky., on the 1st Tuesday in March (March 4th) 1890.

S. C. MERCER, Sec'y,
C. C. T. U. R. Co.

Jack For Sale.

R. G. Hopkins, of Pembroke, Ky., has for sale a No. 1 fifteen-hand, six-year-old jack.

$2.00

Will buy any heavy Boot in our house.

Pye, Dicken & Wall.

Dissolution Notice.

The firm of Pye & Moodie has this duy dissolved by mutual consent, John Pye retiring from the firm, J. W. Moodie assuming all indebtedness of the firm and collecting all claim due said firm. The firm from this date to be J. W. Moodie

Respectfully, JOHN PYE,
J. W. MOODIE.

FAIRVIEW, KY., Feb. 15, 1890.

Card of Thanks.

The under signed will continue the business at the old stand and will conduct the same as heretofore. Thanking the public for their liberal patronage in the past, I cordially invite them to continue, promising that I will endeavor to sell them better goods at lower prices than was ever sold at this place.

Respectfully,
J. W. MOODIE.

REBUS.

Any one competing for the prizes in the Rebus will please write "REBUS" on back of envelope.
Pye, Dicken & Wall.

For Rent!

A large dry goods store room on N. W. cor. Main and 9th street. Apply to D. J. GISH.

To The Ladies.

Call on Mrs. W. S. Gephart at the Southern Hotel and see specimens of paintings by a new method, hear terms, etc. A few samples can be seen at Hopper Bros.

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PLEASE ALL.

We desire to thank our many friends and customers for their new and liberal favors of the past, and wish them all a happy and prosperous new year.

OUR STOCK IS NEW & FRESH

and we expect to be in shape to merit the favors of our friends to a greater degree than ever, and propose during the ensuing year to carry the largest and most complete stock of everything required to equip a confectionery complete.

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Opera House Feb 28
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SPECIALTIES.
Diseases of the THROAT, NOSE, EYE and EAR. Diseases of Women, Chronic Diseases and Surgery.
PILES cured without PAIN or detention from business. Stricture of Urethra cured by ELECTRICITY.
OFFICE HOURS: 9 a. m. to 11; 2. p. m. to 4.
SUNDAYS: 8 a. m. to 10.
Correspondence solicited.
May17

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Manufacturers of
Hardwood Lumber, White Oak, Red Oak,
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At Most Reasonable Rates.
KELLY, - - KENTUCKY.

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—AND—
WAGON FACTORY.

We wish to call the special attention of farmers to the following special lines of goods which we intend to sell at the lowest possible price, all

Guaranteed to be First-Class.
Empire Fertilizer Wheat Drills,
Empire Plain Wheat Drills,
Kentucky Wheat Drills,
McSherry Wheat Drills,
Homestead Fertilizer,
WORLD OF GOOD BONE MEAL,
CLIMAX DISC HARROWS,
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BUGGIES.
PHÆTONS.
ROAD CARTS.
Buggy and Wagon Harness.
Engines,
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, Brackets,
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WHITE LEAD,
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LIME, HAIR, CEMENT AND FIRE BRICK.

We most cordially invite you to call and see us.
Most Respectfully,
FORBES & BRO.

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GRAND FREE
GIFT DISTRIBUTION!

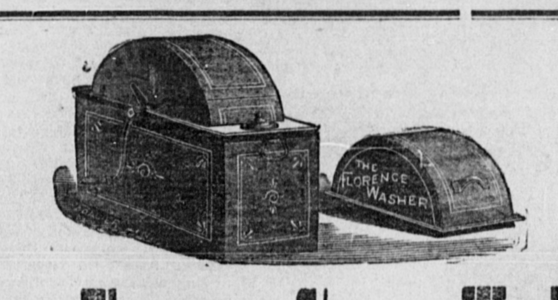
1	Set Furniture	$100 00	1	Gents' Tie	50
1	Pair Ladies' Fine Shoes	3 50	50	Yards Brussels Carpet	40 00
50	Yards Masonville Domestic	5 00	½	Doz. Gents' Hankerchiefs	2 50
1	Pair Ladies' Kid Gloves	1 75	1	Pair Lace Curtains	4 00
1	Gold Headed Silk Umbrella	6 00	1	Table Cloth	2 00
½	Doz. Ladies' Handerchiefs	3 00	1	Cashmere Shawl	2 00
1	Silk Dress Pattern	25 00	1	Rocking Chair	10 00
½	Doz. Ladies' Hose	3 00	1	Table Cover	5 00
3	Yards Fine Table Linen	3 00	1	Copy Hopkinsville Kentuckian, 1 yr	2 00
1	Marseilles Quilt	2 50	1	Towel Rack	2 50
1	Night Clock	4 00	1	Lace Bed Set	5 00
1	Pair Gent's Kid Gloves	1 50	1	Black Brocaded Dress Pattern	15 00
½	Dozen Towels	3 50	1	Large Smyrna Rug	7 50
1	Smyrna Rug	3 50	1	Pair Gents' Hanan Shoes	6 00
1	Chair Tidy	2 00	1	White Sewing Machine	50 00
1	Doz. Napkins	2 00	1	Crying Doll	2 00

For each and every cash purchase of ONE DOLLAR a ticket will be given you which will entitle the buyer to a chance in the Gift Distribution of the above list of presents, offering you at the same time

Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes,
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,
Rugs, Mattings, Etc.,

as cheap as any house in Hopkinsville or Christian county, preferring to distribute among my customers, in this manner, these gifts rather than to pay their value in reckless advertisement, assuring you that each present is absolutely worth the price named. Thanking the trade for their very generous patronage in the past and soliciting a continuance in the future, pledging at all times full value for all purchases made in my house, I am

Very Truly,
C. M. Latham,
No. 5, South Main Street.



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Will thoroughly cleanse any garment or fabric that can be washed by the old process. It is a perfect steam laundry suited to family use.

No Rubbing Required.

The finest fabrics may be washed without displacing or breaking a single thread. Woolen goods of the finest texture are thoroughly cleansed without the least injury from fulling.

Headquarters with E. W. Henderson & Son and John R. Green & Co Apply to A. C. CAPERTON, Manager, or to M. W. ROSE or J. K. PERKINS, Agents.

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Junius C. McDavitt,
DENTIST,
Office over Kelley's Jewelry Store,
HOPKINSVILLE, - - KY.

DR. F. M. STITES,
Office over Planters Bank.
HOPKINSVILLE, - - KY.
Telephone Residence and Office.

L. A. SYPERT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Office in Webber Block over Petree & Downer's office.

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Name this paper. NASHVILLE, TENN

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Large Sample Rooms, Hess System, Call Bells.
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Special rates by the week.
Corner 3d & Locust streets, **Evansville, Ind.**

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Shaving 10c., Shampooing 10c., Hair Cutting 25c.
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MRS. LEE. "Why, Addie, you needn't cry about it! I only said Mrs. Allen was a very well-informed woman, and I wished you would follow her example."
MRS. LEE. "Yes, and last week you said you wished I'd make myself look as stylish as Mrs. Allen,—and she's prettier, too. But how can I?"
MR. LEE. "What is that?"
MRS. LEE. "Well, she gets all of her information from the Magazine she takes. I admit that she knows all that is going on, and is always prepared to take part in the conversation; but it is only because she takes a good magazine, which keeps her posted on all the news and happenings, and so she is always interesting. ..."

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The Original Wins.
C. F. Simmons, St. Louis, Prop'r M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine, Est'd 1840, in the U. S. Court defeats J. H. Zeilin, Prop'r A. Q. Simmons Liver Regulator, Est'd by Zeilin 1868.
M. A. S. L. M. has for 47 years cured INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, LOST APPETITE, SOUR STOMACH, ETC.
Rev. T. B. Reams, Pastor M. E. Church, Adams, Tenn., writes: "I used two packages of your medicine and had but little relief. ... I have used ... and prefer your Medicine to ... ever the ..."
Dr. J. R. Graves, Editor *The Baptist*, Memphis, Tenn., says: "I received a package of your Liver Medicine, and have used half of it. It works like a charm. I want no better Liver Regulator and certainly no more of Zeilin's mixture."

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1890.

SONG OF THE SEA.

The song of the sea was an ancient song
In the days when the earth was young:
The waves were gossiping loud and long
Ere mortals had found a tongue;
The heart of the waves with wrath was wrung
Or soothed to a siren strain,
As they tossed the primitive isles among,
Or slept in the open main.
Such was the song and its changes free,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea took a human tone
In the days of the coming of man;
A mournfuler meaning swelled her moan,
And fiercer her riots ran:
Because that her stately voice began
To speak of our human woes:
With music mighty to grasp and span
Life's tale and its passion-throes,
Such was the song as it grew to be,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea was a hungry sound
As the human years unrolled;
For the notes were hoarse with the doomed and drowned,
Or choked with a shipwreck's gold;
Till it seemed no dirge above the mould
So sorry a story said
As the midnight cry of the waters old
Calling above their dead.
Such is the song and its threnody,
Such is the song of the sea.

The song of the sea is a wondrous lay,
For it mirrors human life:
It is grave and great as the judgment-day,
It is torn with the thought of strife;
Yet under the stars it is smooth, and rife
With love-lights everywhere,
When the sky has taken the deep to wife
And their wedding day is fair—
Such is the ocean's mystery,
Such is the song of the sea.

—Richard E. Burton, in Harper's Weekly.

A LIVELY EXPERIENCE.

The Truth About Fox Hunting by One Who Has Given It Up.

"My dear fellow, it's most awfully good of you; awfully kind. But I—I make it a rule never to hunt another man's horses—never." I sit back in my chair as I say this to Pudgewood, whose guest I am, and assume a look which ought to convince him that I am making a sacrifice to principle which causes me profound regret and disappointment; but somehow he doesn't seem to believe it.

"Nonsense, Jones!" he says. "I'll give you the old gray; he's the quietest hunter I have in the stable. Steady as a house, and as clever on his legs as a cat. I defy you to bring that horse down, sir!" he concludes, with an emphatic thump on the dinner-table.

Now, strictly between ourselves, it had never occurred to me that there was the least likelihood of my bringing the horse down. Well-founded apprehensions lest it should bring *me* down prompt my disinclination to accept Pudgewood's offer; but of course it isn't necessary to tell him that. I was speaking the truth when I told him that I made it a rule never to hunt another man's horses; I made that rule long ago, and, never having hitherto met any one who tempted me to break it, have found no difficulty in adhering to it. When I told Mrs. Jones to accept the Pudgewoods' invitation to spend a week at their place in Stoneshire I quite forgot that Anthony Pudgewood was one of those few hunting-men who are generous enough to mount their friends. Had I remembered the fact, I should have come to Barnsdale with a sprained wrist, or something which would effectually prevent a man attempting to ride. It is quite obvious that Pudgewood won't be put off by my plea of "principle;" so I must try another argument.

"I don't like refusing your offer, Pudgewood," I say; "and I should have enjoyed a day with the hounds immensely, but I have brought no riding things with me." That ought to be conclusive, I think. But no.

Pudgewood casts a critical eye over my figure, and says thoughtfully: "My clothes wouldn't fit you, I'm afraid.—But George—you remember my brother George?—left all his hunting kit here, and he is just the same build as you are. I'll lend you some of his things."

Every loophole of escape seems to be closing up. I cast an appealing look at my wife, who is sitting opposite me. She is a clever woman, Mrs. Jones, though I say it; wonderfully ready, and of boundless resource. I give her a glance which is intended to convey "Help me out of it;" but she fails to grasp my meaning, and helps me a little further into it.

"When Mr. Pudgewood is so kind as to offer you a mount, Algernon, I really think you ought to take it," she says.

"Quite right, Mrs. Jones," assents Pudgewood. "I shouldn't like your husband to go away from Barnsdale without having a gallop with the Stoneshire hounds. I know how fond of hunting he is; he has often told me of his doings."

Things are growing worse. I'm afraid I must have given Pudgewood a wrong impression when I talked to him about hunting. My experience of the sport of kings has been that of an onlooker from the seat of a dog-cart. I used to enjoy that thoroughly, particularly the lunching part of the day's business, when I was staying up in Yorkshire last winter. I have sometimes been for a ride along the road; but I never rode to hounds in my life, and ought to have mentioned the fact, which Pudgewood does not appear to be acquainted with. I wish there weren't so many people present; I really have not the courage to explain how I have gained the knowledge of hunting matters which I have been airing so freely all dinner-time before such a crowd. It would look too foolish.

"I'm desperately afraid that it's going to freeze to-night," said a young gentleman, drawing aside the window-blind as soon as the ladies have left the room; "it's looking horribly clear."

The remark is received with a chorus of indignant dissent, in which I join feebly. Every body has good reason to believe that it won't freeze; the thermometer has been rising, and the barometer has been steady all day. There's a south wind; and Jinks, the first whip, said only yesterday that there wouldn't be frost again for a fortnight. Jinks appears to be an infallible authority on the weather, judging from the manner in which his opinion is quoted and received. Every body is soothed by the announcement; and we draw in our chairs, directing scornful glances at the upstart who took upon himself to look out of the window, and who now relapses into snubbed silence. I breathe an inward prayer for at least ten degrees of frost, and try not to hate the unknown Jinks. That is my one hope now; if it freezes I am saved; if it doesn't—

I must confess there is something about hunting-gear which gives the wearer a feeling of confidence; and as I stand before the mirror in my dressing-room this morning, rigged out in George Pudgewood's buckskins and top-boots which fit me admirably, I begin quite to look forward to the day's outing. It didn't freeze last night; on the contrary, there was a little rain, so the ground will be tolerably soft if I meet with an accident.

"I wish you had a red coat," says my wife who has come to inspect me; "and—I may be wrong—but I think, Algernon, you have put your spurs on upside down."

Mrs. Jones' father was a noted hunting-man in the shires, and she ought to know something about these matters.

"Dear me! So I have. Thanks for noticing it. I'll put them right at once."

They are soon readjusted under Mrs. Jones' directions, and I go down stairs to the breakfast-room. I had no idea it was so difficult to walk down stairs with spurs on. Twice the rowels catch in the carpet, and I only save myself from a bad fall by clinging to the banisters with both hands. Finally, I turn round and walk down backwards, arriving in safety on the mat without being seen. I wonder how other fellows manage, for I don't recollect ever having heard any one complain of this difficulty before.

"Morning, Jones," said Pudgewood through a stratum of buttered toast. "Come along; we haven't much time to spare. The meet's at Holly Copse, seven miles away, at eleven o'clock; and it's near ten now. Will you ride out, or take a seat in the dog-cart?"

If I could take a seat in the cart and keep it, I should select that without hesitation; but a little practice in the saddle will do me good, perhaps, so I say that I will jog out quietly.

Pudgewood nods approvingly. "Always best to ride to cover, I think," he says; "you have time to shake down in your saddle before the day's work."

I hear the horses being walked up and down on the gravel outside, and the sound rather takes away my appetite. I should like to know a little more about the animal I am to ride before I mount, and therefore seize an early opportunity of asking Pudgewood about it.

"This gray, which you have been good enough to lend me, Pudgewood, have you had him long?"

My host screws up his eyebrows and makes a brief mental calculation. "I've hunted old Diamond now for nine seasons; he's never given me a single fall, and I never knew him turn his head from any thing yet."

"Haven't you, indeed?" I ask faintly.

"Not once," affirms Pudgewood, solemnly. "He can take a five-foot wall as easily as you could jump over a straw. He loves jumping, that horse."

Loves jumping, does he! I listen with sickly interest while Pudgewood continues to dilate upon old Diamond's merits. He appears to be a horse of considerable strength of character, from his master's account; and I fear that if he insists upon indulging in his taste for jumping while I am on his back some difference of opinion is likely to arise between us. *I* do not "love jumping."

Pudgewood is certainly a most thoughtful man. He arms me with a huge hunting-crop, whose horn handle, he says, will be useful to open gates with. It's a troublesome thing to carry, and gets fearfully entwined with the reins; but if it is to serve me as a gate-opener, no earthly power shall induce me to leave it behind.

I am mounted now. I felt a little pale when I came out of the house; but the exertion of climbing into the saddle, with the groom's assistance, has made me purple in the face, for I am a stoutish man of no great stature, and not so active as I used to be.

"'E's a trifle fresh, sir," says the groom as he puts my right foot into the stirrup. "Don't touch 'im with the spur or ride 'im on the curb, and 'e'll go like a lamb."

The horse is tossing his head and champing his bits with most unlamb like ferocity; indeed his whole demeanor warns me to treat his peculiarities with the utmost respect. I screw my armed heels painfully far outwards, to keep the spurs off his sides and pick the bridle up very gingerly; I won't pull the curb-rein for any consideration. I try to look comfortable and happy as Pudgewood rides up beside me and gives Diamond a long loving look over from his head to his heels.

"He will carry you splendidly," he says to me. "I shall expect to see you in the first flight the whole day."

It's far more than I expect myself. I am not at all ambitious to be in the first flight—whatever that may be—and don't mean to let Diamond jump so much as a grain if I can help it.

The horse calms down by and by; and when we pull up at the cross-roads, where the hounds are waiting, I feel much more at home in the saddle than I did when we started. There are at least fifty horsemen standing about, and numbers of carriages full of ladies. Every body looks so animated and jovial, that I make a spasmodic effort to appear pleasantly at ease. I'm afraid the attempt is rather a failure, for the sight of the hounds has roused Diamond's spirit, and he is very anxious to be off. Presently the whole cavalcade is streaming slowly up a muddy lane behind the hounds; we pass through a gate into a large field; and the master, aided by the huntsman and whips, sends the pack into cover.

Pudgewood trots up to give me a final word of advice: "Don't touch his mouth once you put him at an obstacle; let him take his own pace, and you are quite safe."

I nod a despairing affirmative; somebody beside me says, "They have found," and I sit in awful suspense awaiting the result. One of the whips appears at the corner of the wood into which the hounds were sent, and holds up his cap. Men throw away their cigars, button up their coats, and press their hats well home. I feel dreadfully limp, as we trot towards a white gate in the corner of the field. Suppose it won't open, and that I am called upon to put Diamond at the railings! They are nearly three feet high, and look awfully strong. The gate is not locked, however; and when we get through it, we see the hounds pouring out of the wood, noses down and tales up. "They've got the line" says a man near me; "come on." He canters away and in ten seconds more we are all galloping across the pasture after him. My hat gets over my eyes and I can't see anything; I have lost a stirrup, and in my frantic plunges to recover it, I have spurred Diamond to the top of his speed, in what direction I have not the least idea.

"Hold hard sir!" bawls a man as I flash past him; but I am oblivious to all things save the certainty of tumbling off if I don't get that stirrup back at once. "'Ware hound!" screams some one else, as a shapeless splatch of liver and white, which I subsequently ascertain was a hound, appears below Diamond's hoofs, and howls piteously as we pass over it. I have got all the reins and my whip in one hand, and am holding on to the saddle like grim death with the other. Suddenly the stirrup swings itself back onto my foot again, and with a supreme effort I succeed in pulling the horse up. I don't like to look around. I hear floods of opprobrious language levelled at me, at which I must say I'm a good deal surprised, as I have always been told that the hunting field is *the* school for manners.

"Perhaps, sir," says an old gentleman in whom I recognize the person Pudgewood pointed out to me as the Master of the Hounds, "if you can not control your horse, you had better keep well in the rear. You have already disabled one of my hounds." He says this very authoritatively, and canters on without paying the least attention to my apologies. I quite agree with him about keeping in the rear, and shall be perfectly satisfied to stay there if Diamond would consent to the arrangement.

After we have gone a good long way, every one stops galloping, and I come up with the rest of the field. I am stared at a good deal, I don't know why, and I hear something said about a cheque, which I suppose relates to that stupid dog I rode over. It rather dampens my ardor, for I have got on surprisingly well up till now; there has been no jumping, for all the gates are open, or there have been friendly gaps in default. I have been abused sometimes for not awaiting my turn at these places; but I can't explain that the anxiety to get on is all on Diamond's part and not on mine. I am glad to stop for a bit; but in a few minutes a man says, "They've hit off the line," and we are all thundering down towards a hedge of most forbidding aspect, and without a gap in its whole length. "Now, then, Jones," sings out Pudgewood, cheerily, "sit down, and give the old horse his head."

The advice is well-meant, but unnecessary; the old horse has got *his* head, but I have quite lost mine. We are at the hedge: there is a frightful lurch, and I am hoisted into mid-air, vaguely conscious that the saddle on Diamond's back is far away below me. After a wide parabolic aerial flight, I came down lengthways on the horse. Thence I rebound helplessly; and the next thing I am aware of is, that I am sitting in a very wet furrow, with my legs stuck straight out before me scraping the clay off my face. I don't know where the horse has gone, and I don't want to know. I have had quite enough hunting for one day, and as soon as every one is out of sight, I shall make the best of my way homewards. I find the road, and set out on my walk to Barnsdale, which must be a good eight miles off. Never mind; it's better than hunting.

Hallo! what's this? I am tramping steadily on, whistling to keep up my spirits when the sound of hoofs falls on my ear, and sends a cold shiver down my back. It comes nearer and nearer, and my heart beats like a hammer, keeping time with the hoofs. I daren't look round I *won't* look round. Pooh! after all, perhaps it's only a farmer on his way home. The villainous Diamond is not the only horse in Stoneshire. But even as I try thus to comfort myself and ward off apprehension, the animal comes up beside me, and a gruff voice says: "Yer be thy horse, Meister."

It is too much. I throw common-sense and truth to the winds at these appalling words, and repudiate ownership as fiercely as though I had been accused of stealing the creature.

The yokel on Diamond's back stares at me with his mouth open, in stupid amazement, for fully half a minute. Then he takes off a very old hat and scratches his head, as though friction assisted speech. "But I see'd thee a-tumblin' off 'im in the field tree mile back, Me an' my mate was half a hour a-ketchin' of 'im."

What am I to do? The man knows that the horse *is* mine, or that I was hunting it, and evidently doesn't mean to be balked of his expected tip. One point I am quite decided upon: I will take this countryman into my confidence; I will eat my humble-pie to the very last crumb if need be, but I *won't* ride that fiend miscalled a hunter home. That is a thing I will not do. But I wish I hadn't told the man that the horse wasn't mine. Never mind; it doesn't matter. I will offer him five shillings to take Diamond home for me and say nothing more about it. With this determination I stop and pull some money out of my pocket; the laborer sees it, stops Diamond, and before I can prevent him, has dismounted, and is holding the bridle ready for me to get up again.

"Now, look here, my man," I begin. "I wan't you"——

But the words die upon my lips. Just as I press the two half-crowns into the laborer's willing hand, there is a confused clatter of hoofs, and three men in pink come swinging round the corner. I will wait until they pass. O the mistaken kindness I have suffered from, to-day! They don't pass; they pull up with one accord, and hope that I haven't come to grief. I disclaim all need of aid and sympathy with frightful eagerness; but in vain. My hollow tones arouse their pity, and one of them jumps off his horse, and taking Diamond by the head bids the rustic "help the gentleman mount." The laborer seizes my left leg in a giant's grip and I yield myself to fate, silent for very shame. The three officious good Samaritans ride with me just far enough to let the retreating laborer get well out of sight with my five shillings, and then bidding me good evening, turn up across the open moor, leaving me to my enemy's mercy.

I am bound to admit that he goes more sedately now. How I would thrash him if I only dared! Fortunately for him, I would as soon try to fly as take such a liberty, and he is allowed to plod along as slowly as he chooses. By and by, he begins to go very awkwardly; he stumbles and trips, until I am in momentary terror of being thrown over his head. He must be lame; and as the awful possibility, nay, fact, bursts upon me, I pull at the bridle till I get him to stand still, and climb down to see what has gone wrong with him. I can't see any thing unusual about any of his legs; but there is no disguising the hideous fact that he is dead-lame. I don't waste time in making further investigations; I throw the bridle over my arm, and once more set out to walk home, with the horse limping behind me. I am dog-tired, very hungry, and my body aches from innumerable bruises. I begin, moreover, as I near the house, to feel that my personal appearance is rather depressing. My hat (new a week ago) would make an Irish beggar blush; my once spotless buckskins are boldly variegated with blots and patches of brown and green till they resemble a carelessly drawn map. Diamond and his trappings are no cleaner and we are indeed a sorry procession as we enter Barnsdale gates at sunset and are received by Pudgewood at the hall-door.

"Hallo!" he says, "why did you walk home?"

"He's lame," I respond, in a ghastly whisper.

"Lame!" shouts my host, rushing down the steps and diving at Diamond's legs, "lame!" He feels each limb in turn, and then examines the hoofs, while I stand trembling like a pick-pocket's apprentice caught in his first theft. Presently Pudgewood draws out his pocket-knife and with two taps knocks a stone out of Diamond's fore-foot. Then he stands upright and pats the horse's neck. "Jones," he says, with the gravity of a man whose painful duty is to bring a serious charge against his best friend, "Jones, I'm afraid you're a duffer."

And I am too completely crushed to reply.

I have never ridden to hounds since; and when fellows begin to talk hunting at dinner I am silent. I consider that hunting as an amusement is greatly overrated.—Chambers' Journal.

NEW DRESS FABRICS.

Favorite Materials and Colors for Stylish Summer Gowns.

Light, soft tints in gray, green, grayish-green and greenish-gray, drab fawn and olive are favorite colors for spring wear in the new importations of cashmeres and ladies' cloths. A few gray cloths are in telegraph blue and cold shades, but by far the greater number have a suggestion of spring sunshine in the yellowish-green hues which modify their color, and some go still further and display real glints of gold in tinsel interweavings, as the new tinsel camels'-hairs, which make up richly with garnitures or combinations of Persian-brocaded cloth.

The Oriental patterns figure extensively in the handsomest woolen, which are bordered in stripes of figured Persian patterns resembling those of camels-hair shawls, sometimes alternating with satin stripes in ribbons of a darker color than the cloth. The material makes up handsomely in combination with soft armure silk, matching the color of the stripes of satin in the woolen.

Silk-brocaded woolens are among the dressiest of materials, and are made up in combination with silk or plain woolen. These are not figured all over as we are accustomed to see brocades, but usually come in patterns of four or five skirt-lengths with the designs in figures of conventional design, looking as if embroidered upon the skirt after it is made up. An exquisite fabric is brocaded in pale gray *fleurs-de-lis* upon a dark, steel-gray ground.

Bordered cashmeres and serges have plain goods to match, and the woolens bordered with stripes often have striped goods to match, imported in the same case.

Stripes are liked in combination, but it is not usual to see a costume made throughout of either stripes or plaids, although both are well represented in the season's stocks. Shepherd's check and block plaids are liked in black-and-white, and are particularly stylish combined with black, for ladies leaving off mourning.

Plaids and stripes in large quantities of fancy woolen goods, for summer wear, have clocked patterns and lace drawn work effects, resembling the fancy ginghams so much liked in cotton dress-goods. Scotch plaids and fancy woolens are much used for children's dresses, and fine printed woolens for house wear and morning gowns.

Mohair fabrics are shown in all the fashionable colors, light and dark, and figured, brocaded, and moire in colors, and are supplemented with plain goods to match. The mohair brilliantines have excellent wearing qualities, and this alone should recommend them, while the brocades, woven on the Jacquard loom, display all the richness and beauty of silk.—Demorest's Monthly.

Drunkenness---Liquor Habit---In all the World there is but One Cure, Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be taken in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Norway even now uses corn for coin.

He Was Labeled.

[B. G. Times.]

One of our handsomest and wealthiest young men was called upon recently to stand up with a friend on his marriage day. At the appointed time he pulled his dress suit out of its accustomed place, but he had been fattening for weeks and it is much too small for him. In much trouble he hurried to a clothing store and purchased a suit. After his return from the wedding trip he was brushing his new suit preparatory to putting it away when he discovered on the sleeve a strip of card board about two inches long, on which was inscribed in large figures "$3.00" and on one coat tail was stitched another slip with the size of the suit. The young man had been to the altar with the couple, he had attended receptions and suppers and dances and yet he had never known that the card-board was displayed upon his clothes in a conspicious place, where none could fail to see it. Strange no one told him; but he knew they all saw it and he feels now as if the people thought him "countrified."

DO NOT SUFFER ANY LONGER.

Knowing that a cough can be checked in a day, and the first stages of consumption broken in a week, we hereby guarantee Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy, and will refund the money to all who buy, take it as per directions, and do not find our statement correct.

H. B. GARNER, Druggist.

John Montgomery Sears continues to be the highest individual taxpayer in the city of Boston. He paid last year $50,950,55.

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH PILLS.

Are active, effective and pure For sick headache, disordered stomach, oss of appetite, bad complexion and biliousness, they have never been equaled either in America or abroad.

More than 900 articles are pawned in Louisville each day. Most of them of course are 'soaked' in the regular pawn-shops, but some are put up in saloons for drinks.

OUR VERY BEST PEOPLE

Confirm our statement when we say that Dr. Acker's English Remeny is in every way superior to any and all other preparations for the Throat and Ludgs. In Whooping Cough and Croup it is a magic and relieves at once. We offer you a sample bottle free. Remember, this Remedy is sold on a positive guarantee.

H. B. GARNER, Druggist.

Whalebone has become one of the most expensive substances in the world, except gems and some of the rarer metals. It is now quoted at about $12,000 a ton at wholesale.

THAT TERRIBLE COUGH.

In the morning, hurried or difficult breathing, raising phleg, tightness in the chest, quickened pulse, chilliness in the evening or sweats at night, all or any of these things are the first stages of consumption. Dr. Acker's English Cough Remedy *will* cure these fearful symptoms, and is sold under a positive guarrantee by H. B. GARNER, Druggist.

A sheet of paper made from the web of the white spider in Hong Kong, China, is in the possession of George West, of Ballston. It is as light as air and almost as transparent.

This is to certify that after taking two jugs of Microbe Killer I was cured of a severe attack of bronchitis and nasal catarrh. Indeed the Microbe Killer does more than is claimed for it, and I cheerfully recommend it to suffering humanity.

T. J. NARAMORE, D. D. S.,
306 Cedar st, Nashville, Tenn.

For sale by Buckner Leavell, sole Agent.

The total number of letters delivered by the carriers every month in Louisville, to say nothing about those that are taken from the general delivery, is 727,500. As near as can be estimated, about 90,000 letters are sent out of that city every day.

I have had a bad cough for over four years. I got so bad I could not sleep over two hours at a time. I took three jugs of Microbe Killer and it completely cured me. I have gained twenty pounds in weight and never felt better in my life.

A. CAMPBELL.,
No. 4 Metropolitan Police,
St. Joseph, Mo.

For sale by Buckner Leavell, sole Agent.

A bright Kentucky girl has just been licensed to practice law at Irontor, O. She is Miss Clara E. McKnight, and is about 18 years of age. Her father is H. D. McKnight, and their home was formerly in Russell, this State.

Many Lives Lost,

or rather thrown away, by allowing coughs and colds to run into bronchitis and catarrh. Keep a jug of Radam's Microbe Killer for ready use in the house all the time and you will never have any more trouble.

For sale by Buckner Leavell, sole Agent.

HOME GOVERNMENT.

Some Regrettable Features of the Present Lax System.

A few years ago Frank R. Stockton wrote an essay on "The Training of Parents," which, although semi-satirical, had in it a substratum of wholesome truth. Briefly stated, his argument was that a great change had taken place in the constitution of the family, especially in the United States; that the child had usurped the former prerogative of the parent, and, therefore, that it was time for us to recognize the altered condition and to give to the children of the present day assistance and counsel in the judicious training of their parents.

Among the rules suggested for the government of parents the primary proposition was that filial control should begin in the first years of parental life, when the minds of the parents would be in a pliant and moldable condition. If it should become necessary to punish a parent the child must not forget the importance of tempering severity with mercy; that once having taken the reins of government in hand it must never resign them, but constantly keep a guiding and controlling power over both the father and the mother. In fact, all the old-fashioned rules that were supposed to be applicable to the training of children were used as illustrations, the sum of advice to children being: Train up a parent in the way he should go, and when you are old you will know how to go that way yourself.

Allowing for the humorous exaggeration of Mr. Stockton, it can not be denied that the deference paid to-day by many parents to the wishes and opinions of their children has often a serious effect upon their mental and moral growth, and is directly responsible not only for parental disappointment but also for heavy sorrow. The Puritan sternness at one time in vogue, the loveless and repellant character of the creed, the constant iteration of duty and the curbing of every innocent and joyous emotion, simply incited a longing to break such irksome bonds; and when the opportunity to do so offered itself the other extreme was reached, and license took the place of repression. And yet it may be questioned if this "keep-off-the-grass" method of training was more hurtful than that which either looks upon a child as a delicate exotic, too refined and tender to be brought into contact with the less favored mortals, or else abandons all efforts at control, consoling itself with the well-worn reflection that the child can take care of itself.

Of these two methods the latter seems to be the most popular. The feeling of independence and self-assertiveness that is characteristic of the average American mind is too much relied upon. It is presumed that the let-alone policy will stimulate this spirit; whereas, on the contrary, the natural result is to bring into existence a feeling of disregard for the rights of others and an obtrusiveness and a hardness which speedily degenerate into the worst type of selfishness. In the streets, in stores and hotels, on street and railroad cars and steamboats, there can be daily seen the outcome of such pernicious training, the most regrettable feature of the matter being that the parents seem completely indifferent, or else lend a tacit approval to that which thoughtful people look upon with alarm. Pertness is considered to be precocity, rudeness is simply youthful exuberance, while selfishness is held to be nothing but an indication of a progressive business spirit which will hold its own and not allow itself to be cheated out of its just due.

Never has the cultivation of the graces of obedience, respect, reverence, manliness and womanliness been more profoundly needed than now. These graces lie at the root of all good social intercourse. Like mercy, they are twice blessed; wherever they radiate they illumine and beautify. Let us try to cultivate such virtues in our children.—Philadelphia Record.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A survivor of the famous "Light Brigade" is now a plumber in Indianapolis. He still knows how to charge.—Terre Haute Express.

—The Mormons have a hymn, "We are not ashamed to own our Lord." But the question is whether the Lord isn't ashamed to own them.

—Beaver—"Harkins is a man who always holds fast to the truth." Cleverly—"Yes; I notice he never lets it escape him."—Drake's Magazine.

—Doctor (who has a large idea of his own skill) "Indeed, I have never heard a complaint from one of my patients." Hostess—"I don't doubt it, doctor. The errors of physicians are generally buried with their patients."

Happy Hoosiers.

Wm. Timmons, postmaster at Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same place, says: Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c. a bottle at H. B. Garner's City Pharmacy.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, of Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a *hopeless victim of consumption* and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of the Great Discovery at H B. Garner's Pharmacy, large bottles 50c. and $1.00.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by H. B. Garner.

The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and we ask you to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. The peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation of the vegetable remedies used give to Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar curative powers. No other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures. If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other instead. It is a Peculiar Medicine, and is worthy your confidence.

Peculiar ... **To Itself**

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

High-Pressure

Living characterizes these modern days. The result is a fearful increase of **Brain and Heart Diseases — General Debility, Insomnia, Paralysis, and Insanity.** Chloral and Morphia augment the evil. The medicine best adapted to do permanent good is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, enriches, and vitalizes the blood, and thus strengthens every function and faculty of the body.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for years. I have found it invaluable as

A Cure

for Nervous Debility caused by an inactive liver and a low state of the blood." —Henry Bacon, Xenia, Ohio.

"For some time I have been troubled with heart disease. I never found anything to help me until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have only used this medicine six months, but it has relieved me from my trouble, and enabled me to resume work."—J. P. Carzanett, Perry, Ill.

"I have been a practicing physician for over half a century, and during that time I have never found so powerful and reliable an alterative and blood-purifier as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Dr. M. Maxstart, Louisville, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $6. Worth $5 a bottle.

THE MARKETS.

Corrected Weekly by Charles McKee & Co., The Grocers, Hopkinsville, Ky.

PROVISIONS.

Butter—20 to 25¢.
Eggs—12½¢.
Poultry—$2.50; chickens, $1.50 to $2.25.
Bacon—Sides, 9¢.
Hams—Country, 12 to 13¢.; sugar cured, 13 to 15¢.
Shoulders—8¢.
Jowls—
Lard—Refined, 6¢.; extra choice leaf, 10¢.
Cheese—11 to 20¢.
Flour—Patent, $4.50; standard, $4.00.
Meal—60¢ per bushel.
Dried Beef—By piece, 15¢; chipped, 20¢.

GROCERIES.

Sugars—Granulated, 8½¢; N. O., 6¢.; brown, 7½¢.; dark brown, 6½c.
Teas—Black, 60¢ to $1.00; green, 50¢ to $1.00.
Coffees—Green Rio, 25 to 30¢; Golden Rio, 33¢; O. G. Java, 30 to 35¢; roasted, 25 to 30¢; ground, 20 to 30¢.
Baking Powders—25 to 50¢.
Molasses—N. O., 60 to 75¢; heavy, 40 to 50¢.

CANNED GOODS.

Tomatoes—2lb cans, $1.00 per doz; 3lb cans, $1.15 to $1.25 per doz.
Corn—2lb cans, $1.00 to $1.50 per doz.
Oysters—1lb cans, $1.00 to $1.20; 2lb cans, $1.75 to $2.00.
Peas—2lb cans, $1.55 to $2.00; French $3.00 per doz.
Beans—String, 2lb cans, $1.00 per doz; stringless $1 75 per doz; gold wax, 2lb cans, $5.00 per doz.
Blackberries—2lb cans, $1.25 per doz
Strawberries—2lb cans, $2.00 to $3.00 per doz.
Raspberries (B)—2lb $1.75 per doz.
Sardines—American, 75¢ per doz; French, 10½ to 20c per can; smoked, 20c per can.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS.

Apples—$1.50 per bu.; dried, 6 to 8c per pound; evaporated, 12½c per pound.
Oranges—25 to 50c per doz.
Potatoes—Irish, 50c for choice sound goods; sweet, 75c for choice sound goods.
Onions—$1.25 per bu.
Cabbage—New, 10 to 20c.
Turnips—
Beans—White navy, 40c per gal.
Peas—Split, 40c per gal.; green English, 40c per gal; black eyed, 40c per gal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Coal Oil—20c per gal.
Starch—5 to 10c per pound.
Soap—$2 50 to $3.00 per box.
Nails—$2.75.
Clover Seed—

TABLE FOR TRAINS.

L. & N. Railroad.

TRAINS SOUTH—4:43 and 5:00 a. m.; 1:07 and 5:17 p. m.

TRAINS NORTH—9:50 a. m.; 2:25 and 10:25 p. m. Nashville Accommodation arrives at 8:47 p. m. W. W. Alexander, Agent, Hopkinsville, Ky.

C. & P. DIVISION L. & N.

Mixed train (daily except Sunday) leave Princeton at 2 p. m., arrive at Princeton Junction at 6:09.

Mixed train (daily except Sunday,) leave Princeton Junction at 7:25 a. m., arrive at Princeton at 11:15 a. m.

Distance from Princeton Junction to Princeton, 56 miles.

For Louisville, Chesapeake & Ohio Route,

	No. 8.
Lv. Hopkinsville, L. & N.,	9:30 a. m.
Arr. Nortonville,	10:57 a. m.
Lv. Nortonville, C. & O.,	7:27 p. m.; 7:47 a. m.
Arr. Louisville,	1:30 a. m.; 2:15 p. m.

Connections at Louisville for all points East, and for the Virginias and the Southeast.

	No. 7.	No. 1.
Lv. Hopkinsville, L. & N.,	10:00 p. m.;	9:55 a. m.
Arr. Nortonville,	10:55 p. m.;	11:57 a.m.
Lv. Nortonville, C. & O.,	5:39 a. m.;	2:48 p. m.
Arr. Paducah,	8:30 a. m.;	5:50 p. m.
Arr. Fulton, Ill. Cen. R. R.	10:20 a. m.;	7:59 p. m.
Arr. Rives, M. & O. R. R.	11:08 a. m.	
Arr. Memphis,	3:35 p. m.;	1:15 a. m.
Lv. Memphis,	6:09 p. m.;	9:00 a. m.
Arr. Vicksburg,	12:00 a. m.;	5:55 p. m.
Arr. Baton Rouge	5:52 a. m.;	6:19 a. m.
Arr. New Orleans,	9:15 a. m.;	9:00 a. m.

No. 7 has Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars to Vicksburg and New Orleans without change, connects for all points in Texas, Arizona and California. No. 1 has Combination Parlor Reclining chairs, and Sleeping Cars to Memphis.

POST OFFICE—East Ninth Street, bet. Main and Virginia streets,
Open for letters, stamps, 7 a. m. to 6 p. m.
" " money orders—9 a. m. to 5 p. m.
" " delivery, Sundays—5 to 6 p. m.

SOUTHERN EXPRESS OFFICE.
Seventh St., near Main, open 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. H. W. Tibbs, Agent.

TELEGRAPH OFFICE.
Western Union—Up stairs corner Main and Sixth streets. Mrs. Randle and Miss Park operators.

O. V. TIME TABLE.

Takes effect November 10th, 1889.

TRAINS SOUTH.

	No. 1.	No. 3.
Lv. Evansville	9:30 a m	3:30 p m
Ar Henderson	10:20 a m	4:21 p m
Ar Corydon	10:46 a m	4:50 p m
Ar Morganfield	11:22 a m	5:25 p m
Ar DeKoven	12:02 p m	6:50 p m
Ar Sturgis	12:16 p m	7:03 p m
Ar Marion	1:09 p m	7:55 p m
Ar Princeton	2:15 p m	9:00 p m

TRAINS NORTH.

	No. 2.	No. 4.
Lv Princeton	6:00 a m	3:00 p m
Ar Marion	7:01 a m	3:59 p m
Ar Sturgis	7:51 a m	4:45 p m
Ar DeKoven	8:03 a m	4:56 p m
Ar Morganfield	8:40 a m	5:30 p m
Ar Corydon	9:55 a m	5:59 p m
Ar Henderson	10:20 a m	6:21 p m
Ar Evansville	11:25 a m	7:05 p m

Trains leave Morganfield for Uniontown at 8:40 a. m. and 5:30 p. m.

Trains leave Uniontown for Morganfield at 8:55 a. m., and 5:45 p. m.

Trains 1, 2, 3, and 4 daily except Sunday. Trains 5 and 6 Sunday only.

Train leaving Chicago at 11:15 p. m. arrives in Evansville 9:30 a. m., making direct connection in Union Depot with Ohio Valley train No. 1 at 9:30 a. m., arriving at Henderson 10:20 a. m., Princeton 2:15 p. m., Paducah 3:30 p. m., and at Memphis 9:30 p. m., same night.

Train No. 2 on C. O. & S. W. leaving Memphis at 6:45 a. m., arriving at Paducah at 12:45 p. m., Princeton at 2:50 p. m., making direct connection with Ohio Valley train No 4, arriving at Henderson at 6:21 p. m., where direct connection is made in union depot with E. & T. H. train at 7:05 p. m., for Vincennes, Terre Haute, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago. By this arrangement the traveling public are afforded the quickest and most direct route to above named cities.

W. W. HEGEMAN, General Supt. — A. E. SHRADER, G. P. & T. A.

STANLEY'S NEW BOOK

5,000 good active agents wanted at once, either sex, to introduce this great work. Here is a chance for you. Any one can sell the book, as the whole world is interested. The book will contain a full account of all of Stanley's Explorations in Africa, and especially of his Latest Expedition for the Relief of Emin Bey. About 600 pages and 150 entirely new illustrations, maps, etc. Complete canvassing outfit with all instructions will be mailed on receipt of 40 cents. Do not delay in writing; order outfit and get territory at once. The only genuine new Stanley book out. ADDRESS Holloway Publishing Co., 810 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE. OUR NEW $85 Solid Gold Watch Worth $100.00. Best $85 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. Warranted heavy, SOLID GOLD hunting cases. Both ladies' and gent's sizes, with works and cases of equal value. ONE PERSON in each locality can secure one free, together with our large and valuable line of Household Samples. These samples, as well as the watch, are free. All the work you need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your friends and neighbors and those about you—that always results in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started, and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can earn from $20 to $60 per week and upwards. Address, Stinson & Co., Box 812, Portland, Maine.

ARKANSAS, TEXAS
—AND—
California Short Line
—VIA—
Memphis and Little Rock Railroad,
The Great Through Car Route.
Two Trains Daily to Arkansas Without a Change. Only One Change to Texas and California.
Elegant Parlor Chair Cars on all Daily Trains.

Seventy-two miles shorter and many hours quicker to all points in Texas, Mexico and California than any other route.

Avoid a two-mile bus ride! through Memphis and eighteen hours lay over by one train and six hours by the other, by taking the

Popular Through Car Route
—VIA—
Memphis and Little Rock,
Absolutely the only line that will put you through without delay or transfer.
NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR SEATS IN THROUGH COACH.

These Coaches have Porters in charge to look after the Comfort and welfare of the Emigrant and to see that the Local Passengers are not allowed to get in the Through Coach and crowd them. No other route offers such inducements.

It would tax your time and patience too much to attempt to describe the rich and beautiful homes and fertile lands of Arkansas and Texas. Therefore I would advise you to go and see for yourself. Examine the country. Mingle with the people. Learn the advantages and disadvantages. Examine the school facilities. Buy or rent a farm, or take up Government Land, and go to work.

People emigrating from the Southeast cannot endure the extreme cold of Kansas, Nebraska and the Northwestern winter. Just think of it—nine long months of ice, snow and bitter winds in exchange for our sunny South! Our well-timbered land for their treeless plains! Yet there are unscrupulous agents who give glowing descriptions of the Northwest. Do not be deceived! Visit Arkansas and Texas and be your own judge!

Write to me for full information. I will send you Map, Book and Papers, free.

R. A. WILLIAMS,
"Southern Passenger" Agent,
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Little Rock, Ark.

—TO THE—
SOUTH
IS VIA
MEMPHIS TENN.
—AND—
Illinois Central Railroad.
The Popular and Preferred Route
—BETWEEN—
Memphis & New Orleans, La
Splendid Equipment!
Magnificent Coaches!
Pullman Buffet Sleepers!
Trains always on time.
Through Pullman Buffet Sleepers
VIA THIS ROUTE
KANSAS CITY TO NEW ORLEANS.
61 MILES
The Shortest Route, MEMPHIS TO New Orleans.

Only one change of cars for Jacksonville, Fla. And that at New Orleans in Daylight.

Round trip tickets on sale to all important points, reading via Memphis, Tenn., and the Illinois Central R. R.

Be sure that your Tickets read over Illinois Central R. R., and thus secure the benefit of Through Sleepers.

For any further information, communicate with nearest Railroad Agent, or
H. HANSON, Genl. Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.
A. J. KNAPP, Asst. G. P. A., Memphis, Tenn.

Louisville, New Orleans
—AND—
Texas Railway.
MISSISSIPPI VALLEY ROUTE
THE POPULAR LINE
—BETWEEN—
MEMPHIS,
GREENVILLE,
VICKSBURG,
BATON ROUGE
and NEW ORLEANS,
TRAVERSING A MAGNIFICENT AND EVEN PICTURESQUE COUNTRY.

THE Rice and Sugar Plantations and great massive Sugar Houses and Refineries south of Baton Rouge are especially interesting, and never fail to please the observant passenger.

BETWEEN Memphis and Vicksburg the line passes through some of the finest Cotton Plantations in the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta, the most fertile agricultural section of country on earth.

THE EQUIPMENT and physical condition of the line are of the highest standard, permitting a high rate of speed with safety and the comfort and safety of passengers.

TOURIST TICKETS.

At reduced Round Trip Rates are on sale at Ticket Offices of connecting lines to Baton Rouge, New Orleans and all points in Southern Texas, California and Mexico.

MAGNIFICENT PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS RUN BETWEEN LOUISVILLE AND NEW ORLEANS VIA MEMPHIS WITHOUT CHANGE.

Passengers should purchase tickets via this Line, it is emphatically the most Attractive Route in the South.

For Time Tables, Map Folders, and Price of Tickets, address
R. B. MAURY, Jr., Gen'l Trav. Pass'r Ag't., Memphis, Tenn.
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E. W. HOW, Gen. Pass'r Agt.
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NEWPORT NEWS
—AND—
MISSISSIPPI VALLEY CO.
THE LOUISVILLE AND MEMPHIS LINE.
Western Division.
THE ONLY LINE RUNNING SOLID TRAINS
BETWEEN
LOUISVILLE AND MEMPHIS
With PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS from and to
Louisville, Memphis, Vicksburg, And New Orleans, Via Memphis.

The line is thoroughly equipped and in first-class condition and provides between Louisville and Memphis a DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE WITH PARLOR CARS on Day Trains and offers an excellent arrangement of time and PARLOR cars.

A feature of the time and advantages secured by the limited express trains. The "limited" leaving Louisville at 9:35 p. m., daily, arrives Memphis at 10:05 a. m., and the "limited" leaving Memphis at 4:50 p. m., daily, arrives Louisville at 7:00 a. m.—only 12½ hours, affording an entire day in either city with connections.

The preferred route to points in West Tennessee, Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana and the South and southwest.

The best and quickest route to points in Eastern Kentucky, Virginia, Ohio and the East connections at Louisville and Cincinnati are made in union depots, without transfers of any kind.

WESTWARD.
No. 1—Mail and Express, daily ...... 1:27 p m
No. 7—Limited Express, daily ...... 1:27 a m
No. 11—Way Freight ...... 10:28 a m

EASTWARD.
No. 2—Mail and Express, daily ...... 1:58 p m
No. 8—Limited Express, daily ...... 2:37 a m
No. 12—Way Freight ...... 12:30 p m

Tickets, Time-tables and all desired information can be secured by applying to
A. B. KEVIL, Agent, Nortonville, Ky.
W. H. PROUTY, Gen'l Pass Agent, LOUISVILLE, KY.